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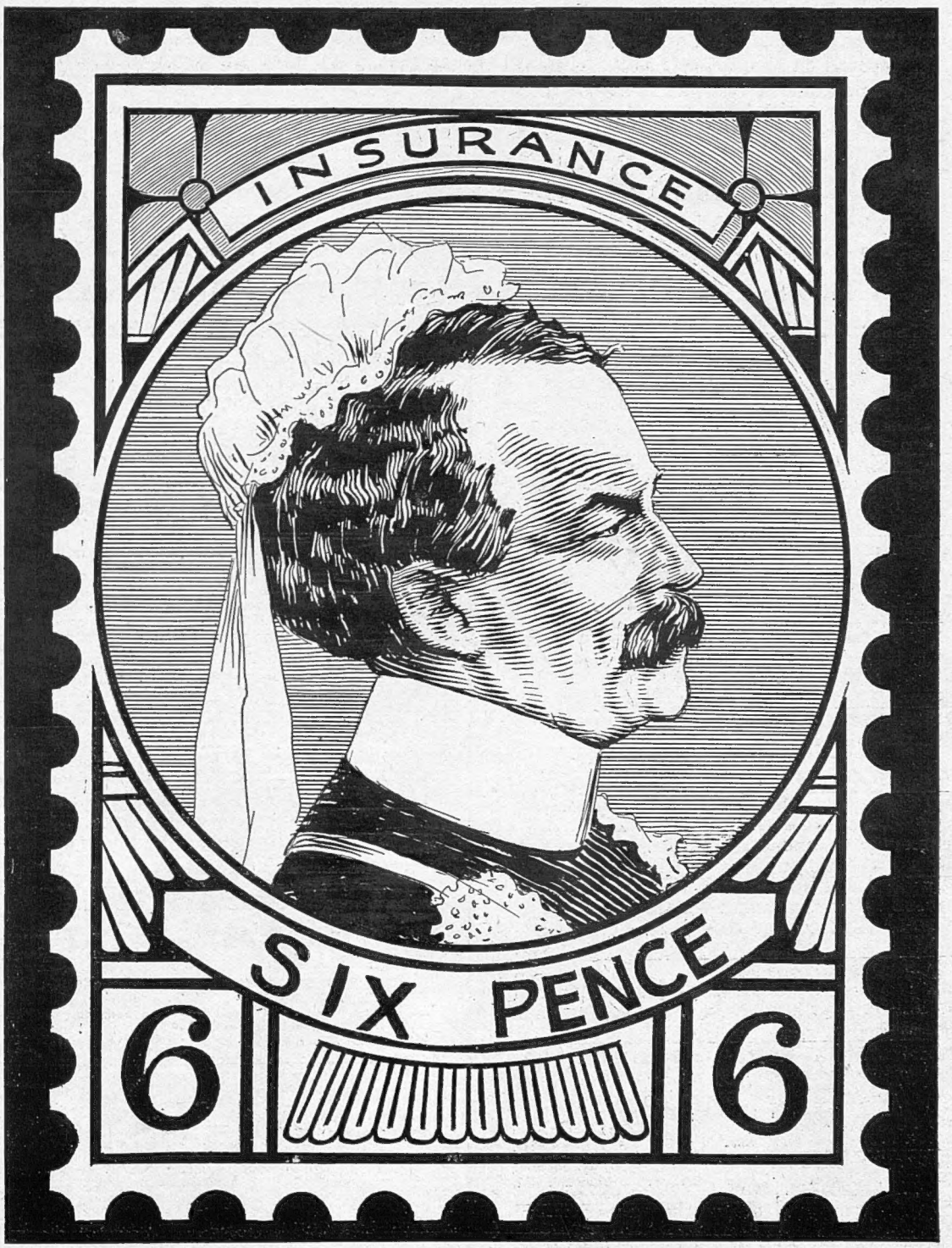
Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 417.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 29, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



WANTED: A GOOD LICKING!

Next Week—The Xmas Bystander

ENGLAND may be said, roughly speaking, to be divided into two classes—those who read THE BYSTANDER and those who do not. At Christmas-time it is usual to endeavour to reconcile the powers of Light with those of Darkness, and in its Christmas Number THE BYSTANDER makes a plausible effort, first, to satisfy its usual readers, then those who, by accident or design, ordinarily avoid the paper. The Christmas BYSTANDER is just enough the usual BYSTANDER to please regular supporters, and just enough the unusual BYTANDER to please others. That is to say, in addition to a festive treatment of all our usual features, we present as a completely separate "extra" a

Bystander Christmas Folio of Fantasie in prose, picture, and verse.

This Supplement contains several original short stories by Jack London, Ford Madox Hueffer, "Saki," and other authors. A number of light, amusing, and not too instructive articles on such subjects as "Christmas from the Underneath," "Stage Struck Society," some excellent verse, and what is probably

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GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 9. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S New Production, "THE UNINVITED GUEST." At 8.15, "Same Lodge." Matinée, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3.

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Bystander Comments

The Double Bête-Noire

AT the moment of writing, the public is vexed between two questions—the Servants' Stamp and the Anglo-German danger—whether we shall stamp or be stamped upon, lick or be licked. And both seem to focus upon the inimitable Mr. George. It is really astounding to think that this Welsh gentleman should be at once the *bête-noire* of the British matron in the home and the German Eagle in his lair. It is rumoured that the latter has demanded the sacrifice of Mr. George as a punishment for his July speech. I doubt, however, whether the German nation would sanction so marked a proof of friendly feeling towards ourselves.

***

The Unruly Member

Another act of Nemesis is that the statesman who won votes by the appeal of the tongue should now be about to lose them by appeal to it. To hear Mr. George now and again may have been an agreeable sensation; to taste him once a week is not. Still, the man is so clever. Already I hear that a large contract has been given by the Post Office to a well-known firm of sugar refiners (Radicals, of course), and that the cases are to be delivered to the gum factories. Mr. George is determined not to taste as bad on his Servants' Stamps as his enemies would have us believe. It is, of course, true that the result of the new Act will be to engender a good deal of heat between mistress and servant. Mr. Lloyd George is, it is pointed out, throwing Lime into every house.

***

Small Mercies!

So far, to judge by the letters in the Press, ninety-nine servants out of a hundred are opposed to the scheme. Still, it must be admitted that a master of strong Conservative principles, who once had brewery shares, some Consols, and a little land, is not quite the most impartial person to explain a Lloyd George measure to anybody, least of all to those who are in duty bound not to contradict him. I am not altogether sure, furthermore, that a Back Kitchen campaign is really the best with which to bring the Conservatives back to power. It doesn't sound quite as impressive as "Midlothian," for instance. Nevertheless, we must rest content with small mercies in these days of small men.

***

Sir E. Grey's Speech

I am glad that Sir Edward Grey has at last made his own speech in defence of his own conduct of our foreign affairs. Despite the excellent versions of the speech issued in advance by the German Foreign Office through its organs in Berlin and in London, it is always interesting to have a British statesman's utterance in his own words, and phrased according to the idioms of his own language.

AN ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT

Mr. Lloyd George, whose retirement is desired by both the British matron and the German eagle. Our photograph shows him speaking at Bath

Even Herr Massingham and the organ of the Bouverie-strasse may have missed out a point or two. Still, in view of their blind bias in favour of our adversary, they did as well as could be expected. Dear, dear, these Press manifestations make us feel quite young again, and remind us of the days of the Boer War—with Mr. Lloyd George this time on the side of his own countrymen.

***

An Oracular Utterance

As to the speech itself, diplomatists may read between the lines all sorts of dreadful things. To the ordinary man, it contained little enough light. It inferred pretty clearly that there *was* an interval between July 1 and July 22, but Sir Edward does not tell us of any protest made by us that the delay constituted an "insult." No details are given of the supposed heated interview preceding Mr. George's famous speech, which was delivered with the consent of himself and the Premier, but we are informed that England found it "inconsistent with her dignity" to explain the speech. As to the rest of the statement, it contained cold platitudes, and is not, on the whole, likely to be received with enthusiasm in England, Germany, or France.

***

The Steely Gaze

If peace it is to be, let it be for ever. But if war—well . . . . ? We shall not declare it, of course, and the Germans are the best judges as to the exact gain they will derive from a conflict with Britain alone. When France was in question, there were certainly temptations, but now that we alone are confronted we should be able to meet the steely gaze without flinching.

***

The Opposition Leader

One had been interested to see how Mr. Bonar Law would comport himself in his contribution to the debate on Foreign Affairs. Let me whisper that the first Parliamentary feat of the new Conservative Leader did not fulfil hopes aroused by his Leeds oration, and that there is great depression in the ranks. Lord Robert Cecil had a heaven-sent moment to make his re-entry. *C'est l'homme qu'il nous faut.*

The Christmas Bystander

Will be Published

Next Week. December 6.

Splendid Christmas Supplement
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The Jack in the Cabinet

It is at least expected of a Jack-in-the-box that he comes out when wanted. The Jack in the Cabinet (that is Mr. John Burns) is an exception. He keeps himself shut up—at all events to the public. Privately, he has been overheard by THE BYSTANDER's Lobbyist in a good many notable utterances. One of Mr. Burns's favourite actions, whenever asked to reveal a Cabinet secret, is to wink and say, "Keep your eye on Taffy"—whatever that may mean.

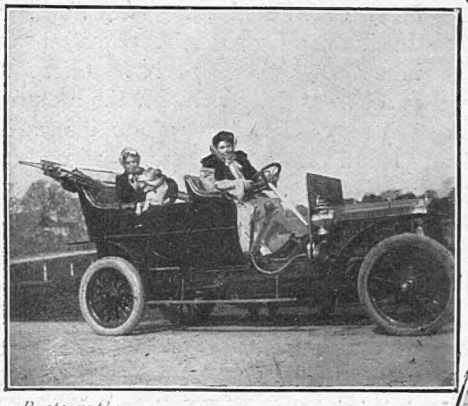
***

Mr. Burns and the Bishop—

The other day he was accosted in the lobbies by a Welsh Bishop of anxious mien, who inquired, "Well, Mr. Burns, and what is your Government going to do with us?" "Bishop," answered the President of the Local Government Board, "we shall first of all disestablish you"—the prelate's countenance fell—"then we shall disendow you"—the fall continued—"and afterwards *we shall deport you.*" The silence which followed this sally may be described as profane.

Suffragettes "treed" at Mr. Pethick Lawrence's house

WHERE THE SUFFRAGETTES' PLOTS ARE HATCHED



Photographs

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence Driving her Car, in which is seated the once-celebrated Miss Annie Kenney

F. E. Green

Well-known Suffragettes Playing Bowls (before a battle) at The Mascot, Holmwood

MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE AT HOME

The above snapshots were taken at The Mascot, Holmwood, Surrey, the residence of Mr. Pethick Lawrence, who is described as "The man behind the Suffragettes"

—And the Journalist—

On another occasion, an unduly inquisitive pressman timidly approached Mr. Burns and, in trembling tones, inquired whether it was his intention to reform London Government, as, if so, he might like to avail himself of his columns for an anticipatory notice. "Young man," retorted the President, "that would be good journalism, but bad statesmanship"—a truly Johnsonian aphorism.

***

—And the Home Secretary

It is not generally known that during the railway crisis in August, Mr. Burns was a strongly moderating force. On one dramatic occasion, the military arrangements were elaborately laid before him by the authorities at the Home Office, where the Home Secretary sat in solemn conclave with the Generals. Mr. Burns was asked what he thought of the plans to parcel out Great Britain among the troops. "Gentlemen," he answered, his eyes blazing with disapproval, "it seems to me that you are mistaking a scuffle in a teapot for the social revolution." A dramatic silence followed this outburst, and Mr. Burns took up his hat and departed.

***

"Why I Support My Wife"

Mr. Pethick Lawrence is a very good fellow, but he suffers from a curious lack of humour. His friends still chaff him about his promise, a few years ago, to pay £10 to the Suffragette funds for every day that his wife remained in prison, and now I notice that he has written to the Press a letter, entitled "Why I support my wife." It is a pertinent question for every husband!

***

The Man Behind the Suffragettes

Nevertheless, Mr. Pethick Lawrence is truly the man behind the movement. To his brain, and his only, is due the successful campaign of publicity to which the public has been subjected. If Edward Ponderevo gauged the public mind when he began to advertise Tono-Bungay, the man behind the Suffragettes struck the equally successful note when he engineered the militant move of the W.S.P.U. The tactics of flagellation and stone-throwing must be in themselves as abhorrent to his sense as the blatant pill posters which deface the fields of England. But we remember "——'s Pills," and we also remember "Votes for Women."

***

The Mystic Imprint

The dear old *Manchester Guardian*, which is usually careful about misprints, gave us last week a delightful slice of printer's pie. We read:

> On July 24 our Ambassador in London was instructed to point out that Mr. Lloyd George's speech had furnished a large part of the British and the entire French Press with an occasion for violent attacks upon Germany.
> Add Germany TEN
>
> The question how far this effect was intended by the English Minister need not be gone into.

The mystic phrase, "Add Germany TEN," grimly suggests Dreadnoughts.

A Hitchin Time Saves—us, perhaps, from the Servant Tax

LORD ROBERT CECIL CARRIES HITCHIN! HERTFORDSHIRE GIVES TONGUE ON THE STAMP-LICKING QUESTION

Thanks mainly to the opposition of the electorate to Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for the insurance of domestic servants, Lord Robert Cecil was returned the Member for Hitchin last Friday by a majority of 1,633, which represents an increase of 342 on the previous turnover. Following on the Unionist gains at Oldham and in Somerset, this victory is expected to cause a considerable modification in the Government's insurance proposals. Our photographs were taken in Hitchin immediately after the declaration of the poll

Interesting Society Rumour

Photograph *Rita Martin*

PRINCESS PRETIVA OF COOCH-BEHAR

Society is exercised with the reported coming engagement of a highly placed scion of British nobility with the beautiful sister of the reigning Maharajah of Cooch-Behar

Aux Lorgnettes

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

EARL PERCY

Home from His Honeymoon.

A Duke To Be

ALMOST enthusiastic and quite delightfully feudal welcome was accorded the heir of all the Percies when the son of the Duke of Northumberland brought his bride home to the Percy stronghold—Alnwick—last week. All the way from the station to the Castle Lord and Lady Percy's carriage was drawn by men (grateful tenants) instead of horses, and within the Castle walls, from barbican to entrance hall, were hundreds and hundreds of additional grateful tenants, who for the rest of the week danced and gambolled merrily in honour of their future lord's ducal marriage.

At Stanwick

Lord Percy and his bride are reported to have borne up well under the strain, but to be now somewhat anxious to get settled down in their house in Town, as well as at Stanwick Park, which is to be their country seat. Stanwick is really a Smithson, not a Percy seat, and was originally the property of that Sir Hugh Smithson who married the Earl of Northumberland's heiress in 1740, assumed the ancient name of Percy, and succeeded in obtaining, chiefly by pulling political strings, first the earldom and then the dukedom of Northumberland, to neither of which he really had, of course, a shadow of claim.

A Soldier Earl

Unlike his elder brother of sad memory, Lord Percy takes no real interest in politics, though there is talk of his "going in for" that pursuit of the leisured later on. He is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, did service in Africa and Egypt, and was lately Military A.D.C. to Earl Grey in Canada, and it was his famously side-whiskered parent, a very serious duke, who declared one "would have to go a very long way back in the records of the Percy family to find one who was either an idler or a wastrel." Earl Percy has six sisters, only one of whom is married. They all reside with their parents at Alnwick.

HON. LOUVIMA KNOLLYS

Photograph Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Engaged to Marry Mr. Allan Mackenzie, of the Grenadier Guards

A Court Engagement

Quite the most influential and not the least popular of the men about the Court is Lord Knollys, and Royal friends have taken very keen interest in the engagement of his only daughter, Louvima, whose uncommon name is made up from those of the King's three sisters. Miss Knollys is very handsome, tall and slender, with dark hair and large blue eyes, and is, of course, always where the Court is—in Town, in perfectly charming apartments in St. James's Palace, next door to the Lord Chamberlain's office; at Windsor, in the Winchester Tower; and in Scotland, at Craig Gowan, a small place on the Balmoral estate always lent to friends of the King. It is up in Scotland during recent autumns that Miss Knollys has seen most of her future husband, Mr. Allan Mackenzie, a brother of Sir Victor Mackenzie, whose estate, Glenmuick, is not far off Balmoral on Deeside. His mother was honoured with the friendship of both Queen Victoria and King Edward.

LADY NEWBOROUGH

One of the Tallest and Best-dressed Women in Society

Another American Peeress

One of our rapidly increasing number of American peeresses is Lady Newborough, *née* Grace Carr, of Louisville, Kentucky. She and her sister, Mrs. Bingham (once Mrs. Chauncey), are two of the tallest and best-dressed women in London Society, and the latter, at any rate, is one of the most hospitable. Lady Newborough was married to Sir William Wynn, Baron Newborough, ten or eleven years ago, but they have no

son, and the heir to the title is the Baron's brother Thomas. Lord Newborough bears a name altogether unknown to the man in the street. He is an Irish baron, but pure Welsh by connection and descent, owns property in North Wales, has served as High Sheriff of Denbighshire, and has a family seat—Plas Newydd—which bears the same name as Lord Anglesey's in his titular island. He was educated at Heidelberg and Trinity College, Cambridge—a popular combination—owns about 28,800 acres, and is a popular member of the Bachelors' Club. The Newboroughs' town house is in Portland Place.

MISS MILDRED SHERMAN

To Marry Lord Camoys on December 2

The Future Lady Camoys

Next week yet another American girl enters the ranks of the Anglo-American peerage, and yet another great old English name goes to the daughter of an American *commerçant*. Miss Mildred Sherman, who is to marry the fifth Baron Camoys on December 2, is the deeply dowered daughter of Mr. Watts Sherman, one of New York's multi-millionaires. She will probably find England a somewhat "homely" place of residence, for her horizon up to the present has been chiefly limited to those haunts of expensive luxury, Fifth Avenue and Newport, where her mother (aunt of John Nicholas Brown, the "richest baby in the world") has a marble palace, in which scions of British nobility have ever received Royal welcome.

In England

Miss Sherman marries into one of the oldest Catholic families in England, one which really was here some time before the Conquest. One of Lord Camoys' great-uncles is Monsignor Edmund Stonor, formerly Chamberlain to Pope Pius, now Archbishop of Trebizond; an uncle is Mr. Harry Stonor, Groom-in-Waiting to the King, and a famous shot; while his aunt, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, is a great friend of Queen Alexandra, as was also for many years his mother, the late Mrs. Stonor, a sister of Lord Peel.

The Stonor Seat

The subject of Lord Camoys' matrimonial intentions has been a somewhat vexed one for some years, and his engagement to Miss Sherman was talked of some time before it was officially confirmed, and it was certainly common knowledge, when Lord Camoys accompanied Lord Decies, the future Lord Esher and a few other bachelors to New York last year, that his real purpose was to find a native willing to share—or, rather, augment—his fortunes. Stonor Park, his beautiful Henley seat, is let, and an American lady — Mrs. Henry Coventry—is giving a series of highly successful shooting-parties there. It is probable, therefore, that the new Lady Camoys will—in the manner of new American peeresses—rest a bit on her laurels before bursting forth upon an only-waiting-to-be-entertained Society, which, it must be confessed, would be all the duller without its American hostesses.

LADY SYBIL GRANT

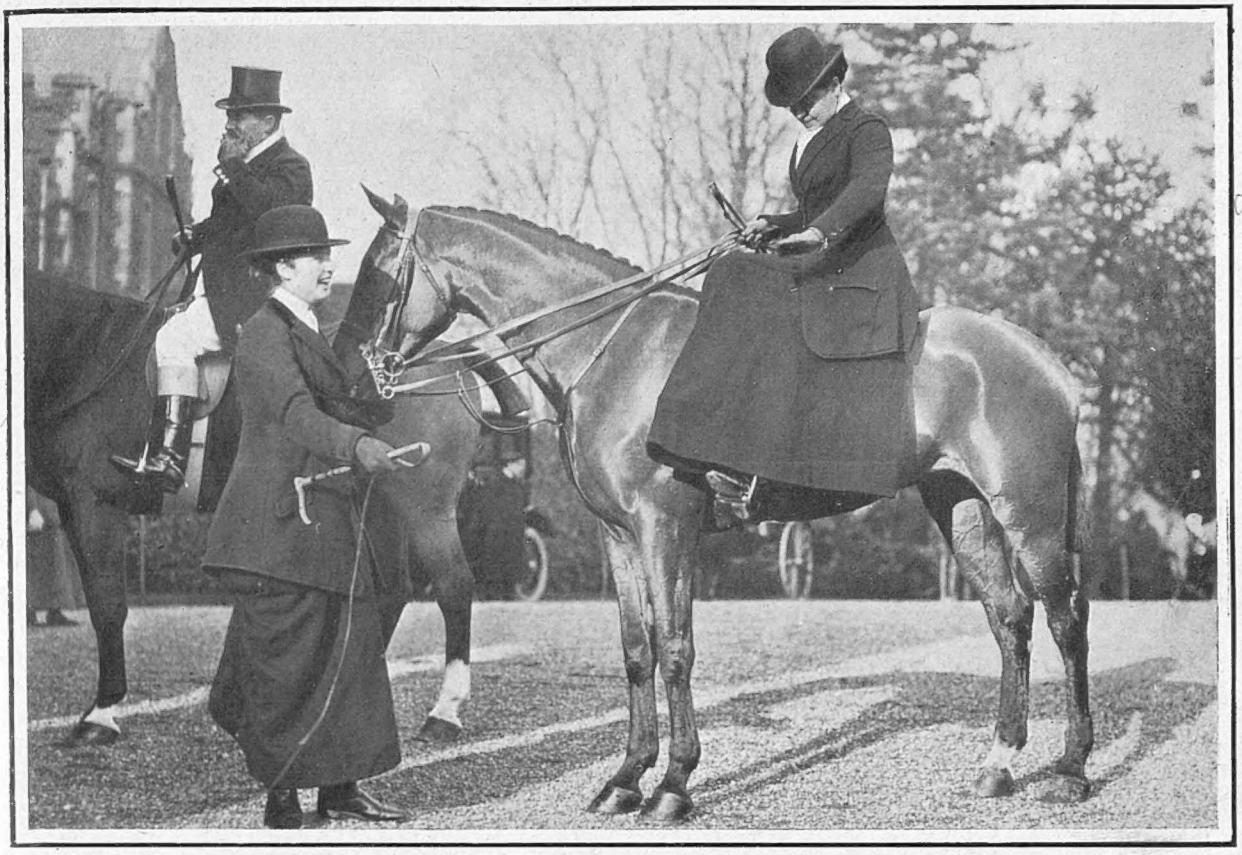
With some of the Pyrenean Mountain Dogs which she Exhibited last week at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show

Dogs and Literature

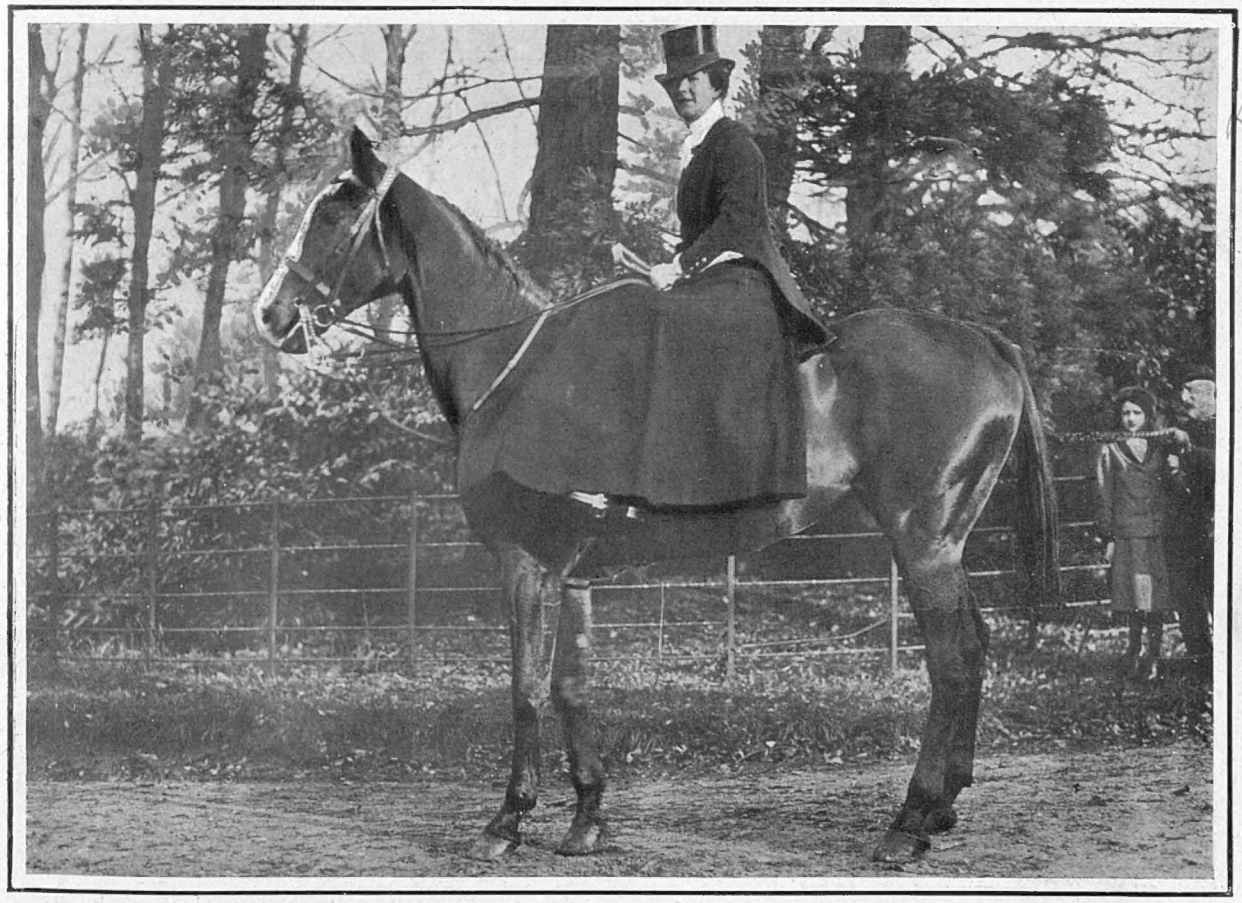
Lady Sybil Grant, the eldest child and elder daughter of Lord Rosebery, is a very earnest personage, in whom are combined at once the sporting and the artistic tastes of a family that, with its mixed Celtic and Hebraic blood, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in the aristocracy. Lady Sybil Primrose married the son of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Grant eight or nine years ago, and has since cultivated two hobbies in particular—one dogs, the other writing. She writes essays—on snobs and nature and originality and all that sort of thing—and likes to see them in print, as do even lesser mortals; and her Roehampton kennels of Pyrenean mountain dogs are famous in the dog world. Lady Sybil Grant discovered the dogs in which she specialises during her travels over that alluring mountain range that extends from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. They are generally pure white, and though they are called, and in their native land carry out the duties of, sheep-dogs, they are much more like St. Bernard's. Lady Sybil's is, I believe, the only kennel of its kind in England, and her exhibits at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show at the Horticultural Hall last week were the centre of a crowd of interested admirers, who seemed to find the great, sagacious Pyreneans quite a relief after the wild yappings of the army of lap-dogs, whose accommodation took up the greater part of the hall.

Fair Followers with the Cottesmore

LAST TUESDAY'S SPORT THE BEST OF THE SEASON



THE MEET OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS AT KNOSSINGTON GRANGE: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (MOUNTED) TALKING TO MISS CLARA MINE



LADY COWLEY AT THE MEET OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS

Brilliant sport was associated with the meet of the Cottesmore at Knossington Grange last week. The afternoon's gallop from Peake's Covert was one to remember. A seven-mile point was made. The distance was fourteen miles as hounds ran, and they raced best part of the way. There were numerous falls. Our photographs are of the Duchess of Newcastle and Lady Cowley, both keen followers of the Cottesmore

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

MR. STEAD is of opinion that the Germans will never really feel friendly with us until we have given them the coaling-stations they want. This may be so; but, on the other hand, we shall never really feel so friendly with the Germans that we shall want to present them with our coaling-stations. It seems quite like a dilemma, doesn't it?

* * *

Various guesses have been hazarded as to why the German Crown Prince should be such an admirer of Napoleon I., and the right one seems to be that Napoleon is the only other master-spirit who has been incarcerated for an equally long period in his rooms.

* * *

Mr. Runciman has stated to a deputation that it will take him three solid months' work before he can decide what changes the Board of Agriculture needs to make in its management. Political opponents maintain the time will not be wasted if it proves to Mr. Runciman that the chief change needed at the Board of Agriculture is a change of Presidents.

* * *

But, of course, it may be something quite different. Mr. Runciman may discover, for example, that the practise of granting Small Holdings to men without University degrees must be put a stop to, on the ground that small-holders who are not M.A.'s have a narrowness of outlook not suitable to the upbringing of chickens.

* * *

Talking of University degrees, the *Saturday Review* must not lose heart because Mr. Bonar Law is not a 'Varsity man, or connected with the Services. The main thing, after all, for a Leader of the Opposition to make sure of is that, whatever letters he may be entitled to write after his name, B.M.G. is not among them.

* * *

According to one of the Coroners, "the 'kidney-punch' is un-English, and should not be used by boxers." I daresay the Coroner is right; but no wonder, at the same time, that the poor boxers are beginning to ask what exactly they may do. At present the only characteristically English thing they can do is to hold the sponge for their K.C.'s while the latter contest a few genial rounds for a purse which takes quite a lot of filling.

* * *

"A woman last week, in the middle of a church service, is alleged to have advanced upon the Rector and discharged three hymn-books at him. One of them hit him, and another hit a member of the choir." Of course, this sort of thing is reprehensible, but—for a woman—it was not bad shooting.

* * *

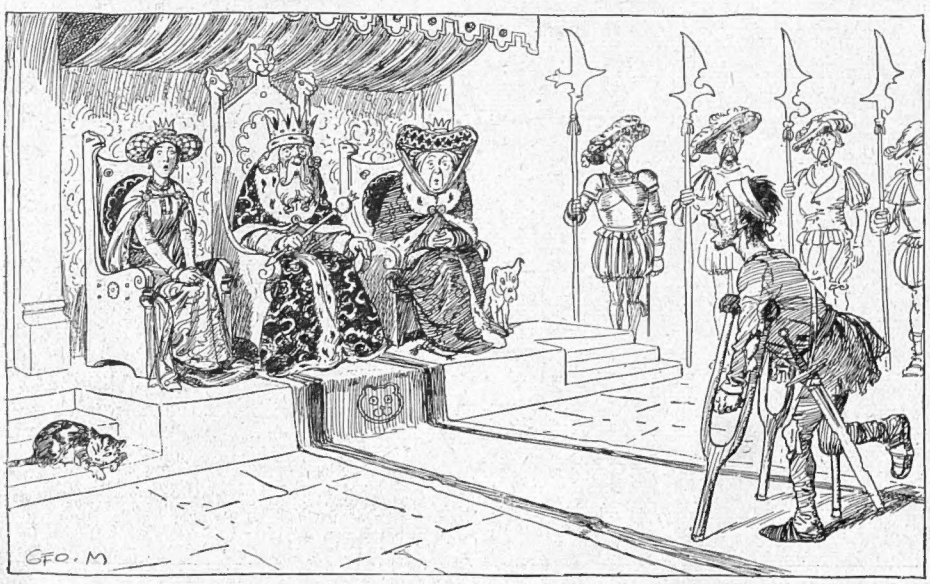
We are glad to note that the claim made by our Colonies that their wine is as fine as any in the world is not being ignored by those in authority. At the christening of our most recent Dreadnought, "Mrs. Churchill," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "smashed a flower-decked bottle of Colonial wine against the battleship's ram, saying, 'I name this ship *Centurion*.'" Connoisseurs will be pleased to hear of this little incident.

* * *

A lady in the North of England has written to a contemporary to say that, rather than lick on Mr. Lloyd George's stamps, she will go to prison. It seems a trifle inconsistent to announce this determination in a letter—but perhaps she does not mind licking on Mr. Samuel's stamps?

* * *

Personally, though we loathe, scorn, abominate, and will never submit to Mr. George's criminal Insurance Scheme, we rather hope that mistresses in general will not decide to go to prison rather than cause those stamps to adhere. For one thing, it would be so like the Suffragettes for another, it would leave us, their husbands, to do the licking.



The King: "What, you? We thought . . . . ."
Knight: "Yes, your Majesty. But I *slew* the dragon, and I've come to marry the Princess"
(By Geo. Morrow)

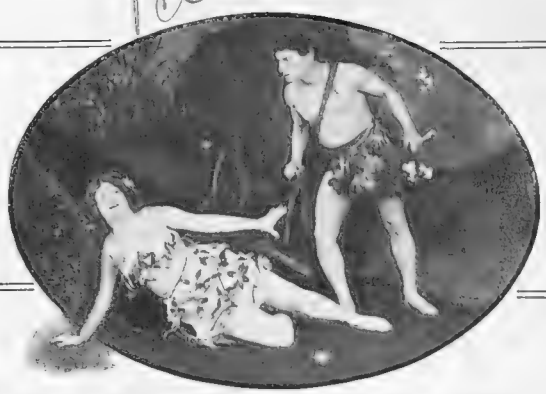
The Social Butterfly—A Fantasie

Time has clipped the wings of the social butterfly. Her summer is gone. She looks back longingly on the scenes where she once so gaily fluttered

BY E. F. SHERIE

DANCING and DRAPERY

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE BY "JINGLE"



A scene from "The Dawn of Love," which, on its production at the Palladium, came under the ban of the L.C.C.

DURING the past week or so the Puritan clan has been out on the warpath, and the Amalekites have been smitten high and low. The uproar has arisen from the fact that at a popular house of entertainment in London a dancing turn was given of which the London County Council did not approve. It is true that, in this particular instance, the question of the draping of the leading dancer does not appear to have been discussed; but the ball having been set rolling on the subject of special dancing, all the amiable cranks seem to have been scrambling over each other in their craving to get a liberal hearing on their favourite topic—the only one, as the good Bishop regretfully admitted, which seems to be of universal interest. Good, worthy men of ripe experience and advanced years have sat down and undertaken with a fine courage the supremely difficult task of showing the Man in the Street where art ends and impropriety begins in the matter of displays of classic dancing, it being taken for granted, by way of postulate, that if a dancer is not a supremely great artist she has no right to make a liberal display of her physical attractions. If, however, she is a great artist, it follows, as the night the day, that the Man in the Street will be so moved by her exquisitely perfect art that it will never occur to him to allow his mind to dwell for a single instant on a comely limb or a disquieting curve. One very noisy gentleman, who writes to the papers to this effect, begins his outburst by saying: "Let us clear our minds of cant." Very well; let us.

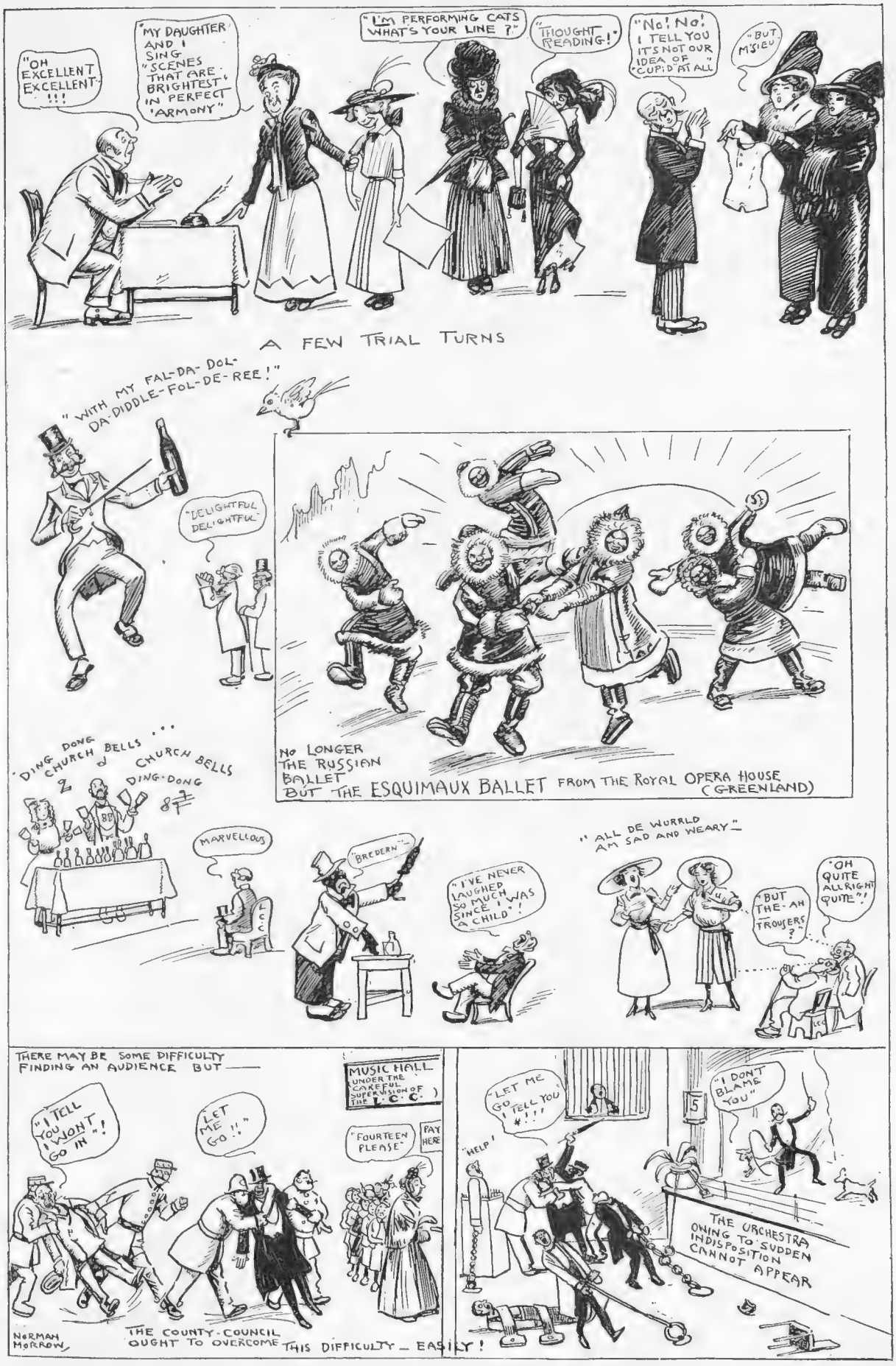
Now, it is generally admitted that the people who can distinguish good art of any kind from the art that is merely mediocre are very few in number. And in this respect dancing ranks with the other arts. The case of Miss Maud Allan is cited as that of a dancer whose perfect art justified the very limited drapery affected by that charming lady during her delightful reign at the Palace Theatre. The Queen can do no wrong. All the other dancers of the kind, whose appearance has been prompted by Miss Allan's success, are disposed of as ladies who have no art, and whose only resemblance to the great original is in respect of an agreeable presence and a limited wardrobe. The inference from this line of argument is that the exalting effect of Maud Allan's art on the British public compels them, when they talk of her, to remember only her exquisite dancing; whereas any man who is really willing to clear his mind of cant, must be aware that Miss Allan attracted large and appreciative crowds who went to see her, in many cases, for herself alone. She was undoubtedly a graceful dancer, and, in her own particular line, a great artist; but is it really as such that she is remembered by the British public at the moment? If you remarked in company that you met a lady at a dance who reminded you of Maud Allan, would you be understood as meaning that the lady in question was charming in manner and graceful of movement? I may be mistaken, of course, but sometimes I think perhaps not. I think it is more likely that somebody would want to say "Hush!" and the more inexperienced ladies would turn a shade pinker; while the men would look up at the ceiling and wonder to themselves with the liveliest curiosity what kind of daring costume the lady at the dance in question could have been wearing.

In the process of clearing our minds of cant, therefore, I think we may claim to have justified the conclusion that the average high art dancer attracts quite as many admirers of herself as of her high art. And since the majority of the variety-theatre patrons cannot distinguish between good and mediocre dancing, it follows that the great art of the great artist cannot make that special appeal to them which will surely and inevitably divert their minds from the absorbing detail that her costume seems to be more fiction than fact. If, therefore, the only excuse for limited drapery is unusual proficiency in art, it is clear that that excuse has no practical value, since the majority of spectators cannot appreciate that proficiency. As the poet has said: "What care I how fair she be, If she be not fair to me." In fact, clearing our minds of cant with a comprehensive sweep, what is the difference in moral value to the average member of the public between an undraped mediocrity and an equally undraped star of the first magnitude whose greatness he cannot perceive?

Who will undertake conclusively to show to the Man in the Street the difference, great as it may be, between the art of Maud Allan and the poorer art of the equally inadequately clad hosts of Fatimas and Delilahs who know less of dancing than of human nature? And, as they say in Hyde Park, if not, why not? We cannot be guided by the critics, because if we waited for unanimity among them, we should never go anywhere or see anything. There remains to us only the beatific direction of the London County Council. Since when, however, has that amiable body been a recognised authority on Art? Degrees of impropriety in Art matters have been, and must always be, subjects of more or less heated personal opinion. I think it is nearer to the truth to say that, art or no art, these "classic" dances are all a little indelicate, and that is why the public like them. As Thomas Carlyle puts it in his forceful way: "May the Lord, whatever else He do or forbear, deliver us from cant!"

The New Theatre of Proprieties

WHEN THE L.C.C. ARRANGE THE VARIETY PROGRAMMES



Provoked by the L.C.C. ban on a certain performance at the Palladium, Mr. Norman Morrow provides us with a haunting forecast of the straits to which grandmotherly interference may bring the music-halls

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

A TORY PLEA FOR HOME RULE: SECOND ARTICLE

The Power of Compactness

WHAT we have to insure in the first place for Ulster is that Ulster should have a fair proportionate representation in the Irish Parliament, and it will then remain for the Orangemen to form themselves into a compact, solid minority that will work as one man. And anyone acquainted in the least with the opportunities that be ready for a compact, sectarian body in a legislative assembly will know how easy it is for that compact, sectarian body entirely to dominate that legislative assembly. In the German Empire, Catholics are to Protestants as two to five. Yet it was the German Catholics alone in the world who brought Bismarck to his knees, and the German Catholics have ruled Germany ever since, do so to this day, and very probably will continue to do so to the end of time.

The Case for Ulster

If you will consider the figures two to five, and will change the colour of these religions, you will see how very easy the task of the Orangemen is. Political unity is theirs already, because of their common sectarian interest. Their opponents will split up into factions the moment outside oppression of Ireland ceases. It is mere folly to imagine that every Irishman, if he were left alone, would be the blind tool of priests. France is a Catholic country, but where are the priests? Italy is a Catholic country, but where is the prisoner of the Vatican? At present the priests do more or less guide the counsels of the Irish Nationalist Party, but that is because the Irishman knows that when it is a matter of an oppressed nation the Church of Rome, which, in times of prosperity, may or may not be anti-national, becomes the most profoundly inspiring of national factors. It is Rome that has kept Polish national feeling alive through centuries of oppression; it is Rome that has kept alive Irish national feeling through centuries of oppression. I am not now stating my personal preferences, but merely putting the common sense of the case for Ulster. And the common sense of the case for Ulster forces every sane man to see that the moment outside pressure is removed from Ireland the Nationalist forces will break up in a most extraordinary way.

Four Irishmen and Mr. Balfour

I do not in the least profess to understand Irish internal questions. But when I was conducting the affairs of a certain periodical, four Irish gentlemen came to see me on four successive days to ask me to write something about some Irish abuse. Each of these gentlemen revealed himself as being extremely gifted, eloquent, sincere, and even inspired. Three of them were Members of Parliament, all were Nationalists, the fourth being the principal leader-writer of one of the Nationalist organs. But when it came to the stories they told, each one was inspiringly but absolutely different from each other story. I couldn't in the least doubt that each was telling the absolute truth, but here were four absolutely different truths relating to the same incident. The one thing that united all these gentlemen—for each detested the other, and said that if any views but his own prevailed it would spell ruin for Ireland—was a quite sincere, a quite deep liking for the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

The Sleepless Wife

When I wrote that Lord Chesterfield was the only successful Viceroy we ever sent to Ireland, I did not mean to say that he was the only successful Governor—for the only successful Governor we ever gave them was Mr. Balfour, and, official political screaming apart, he was the only popular one because he was the only one that ever put up a square fight, just as he is the only living politician of prominence who has ever put up a square fight against anything. (And my feelings will not let me omit to quote here a passage from a letter I have just received from a Yorkshire Tory friend—the same Tory friend who was so amiably concerned at the thought of the dreadful things that the Ulsterman would do to the poor lovable Irish.) "Here," he writes, "with cheerful indifference we roll down the slopes. Myself I see bureaucracy at the bottom. And of all nations, except the Russian, we have the least aptitude for the bureaucratic. I met yesterday a miner's wife who had lain awake all night beca... Balfour had gone. It amazed me." I do not know why this should amaze my friend, for, when he has been able to act of his own free will, there has been no occasion upon which Mr. Balfour has not done the right thing and said the right word. And there is nothing astonishing in the fact that a Yorkshire miner's wife should have felt these things and have had her rest disturbed. We have all felt them, and all of our rests have been disturbed. For myself, as long as I can remember, I have been for Mr. Balfour, right or wrong—and, of course, for Miss Pankhurst; but that falls in another department. Mr. Balfour has officially opposed Home Rule. He was, it must be remembered, only the Constitutional Leader of his party, and not its autocrat. If only he had been! But he had to be the protagonist

And Now More Silence?

THE FOREIGN OFFICE SPHINX WHO HAS AT LAST CONDESCENDED TO MAKE AN UTTERANCE

SIR EDWARD GREY is known as the political Sphinx. His utterances are few and far between. When he has delivered one, Parliament, the Press, and the Public are expected to be properly impressed, and to keep properly quiet until the next time the oracle is moved. Meanwhile the nation is left in Egyptian darkness as to the words said and the deeds signed in its name. To be plunged into war may be the only course consistent with honour, but the men who would have to shed the blood and spend the treasure at least expect to know what they're shedding it about.

of the majority of his party, and the majority of Mr. Balfour's party was Lord Northcliffe. I don't in the least blame Lord Northcliffe, though I don't in the least want what Lord Northcliffe wants. But he, at any rate, was the only man of the Conservative democracy who had the courage to go on grinding his axe until he was grinding all alone; until he was the Conservative Party, and Mr. Balfour had, as his loyal duty, to voice Carmelite House, which is where Lord Northcliffe has acted. At the eleventh hour, as I have said—or, really, it was at 11.59—some of us Tories got into the last ditch and squealed, but until then we were the most discreditable mob of cowards shivering before the democratic sheet and turnip. Mr. Balfour's business was to voice us, and we were not there to be voiced. There was only Lord Northcliffe. What else could Mr. Balfour have done?

Inevitable Home Rule

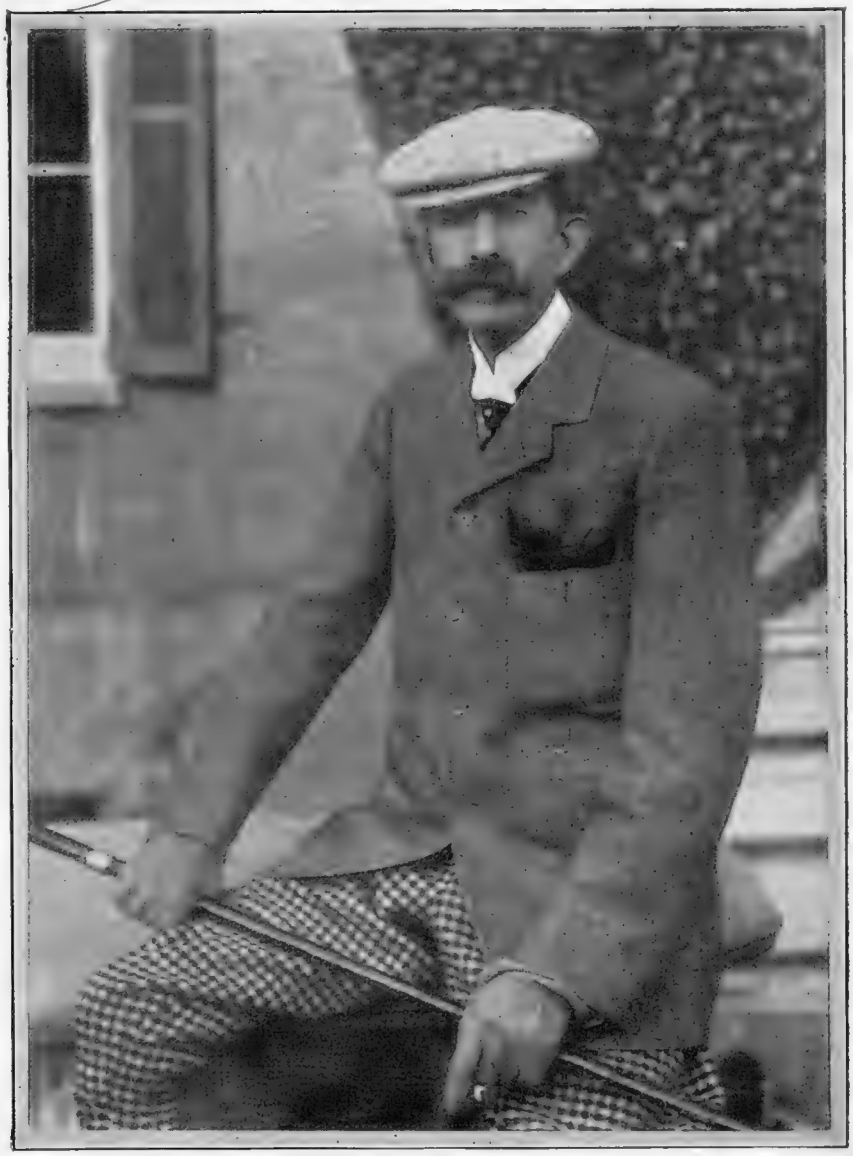
But even in Ireland Mr. Balfour did the right thing—did the only thing which could have been done to make Home Rule possible. He settled the question of the Irish landlords. Without that a Parliament on College Green would have been impossible to-day. I don't particularly care about Irish landlords—or, at any rate, they are the landlords I least like. But, of course, we could not have deserted them any more than we can now desert Ulster. Fortunately, Mr. Balfour equitably disposed of the landlords' claims—and all that we have to do is to look after Ulster. Of course, if Ulster fights with the weapons of the flesh, we shall have to send British soldiers against them, as we should have to send British soldiers against Mohammedans in India if they marched upon Hindus. We can't have sectarian nonsense of that sort in an empire or even a bureaucracy to-day. And we shall have to exile Sir Edward Carson to Ceylon, where beneath a palm tree he can emulate Arabi Pasha. But let me repeat again, Home Rule is inevitable; and that is a good thing, because we, as Tories, cannot go on having the rags of Kilmainham blowing for ever in our faces. We have been hindered by the Irish question in everything that we have had to do for the last twenty-five years. We have to see that Ulster gets its proper share of representation, which the Liberals will diddle it out of if they possibly can, and then Ulster must see to it that it maintains a compact body of disciplined men that will be overwhelmingly strong among the twenty-four parties with violent hatreds and incomprehensible ideals with which the Irish Parliament will seek to administer the affairs of the parish pump. We must see to it that their control is limited to the affairs of the parish pump. And above all, we must see to it that in the Imperial Parliament there must be fewer Irish members than those who represent London. For the population of Ireland is somewhat smaller than that of London.

End of the Whigs

With these cries, and with this conscience, we may very safely go to the country, which is not such a confounded fool as the party Leaders think. It ought to be easy to make it plain to every decent man in these realms by means of amendments to the Whig Home Rule Bill—it ought to be perfectly easy to make it plain to the country that the whole end and aim of Whig statesmanship to-day is so to jerry-mander the constituencies that the Whigs may remain in power for ever. When once the country realises that, there will be an end of the present Whig leaders.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

(Further articles by Mr. Hueffer will appear in issues following our Christmas Number, published next week)



Photograph] MR. JAMES BUCHANAN [*Bassano*

Head of the famous firm of whisky distillers, who, to mark his appreciation of the appointment of Mr. Bonar Law to the leadership of the Unionist Party, has presented the sum of £10,000, to be paid in five instalments spreading over five years, for the furtherance of the cause of Tariff Reform

A Novel Portrait of Mrs. Langtry

LADY DE BATHE (MRS. LANGTRY)

This autographed portrait, which will be of great interest to students of *coiffure à la môde*, was drawn by Mr. R. J. Mathews on the occasion of Lady de Bathe's recent visit to the Coronet. She is now touring (in amazingly beautiful costumes) in Sidney Grundy's play, "The Degenerates"

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

MORNING PARADE ON THE BOIS

By André Foy

I REALLY don't remember for the moment what it was that I was doing. What I wanted entailed my giving my name, my address, my profession, the names and ages of my parents, whether they had been married, and answering a few more questions of the kind. I think I must have been buying a postage stamp or something. When it came to mentioning my profession, and I said "*homme de lettres*," there was a glint in the dirty official's eye, and I saw him look round at the *garde municipal* in the corner. For men of letters have been under a cloud since the Lyons mail robbery, though the particular branch of the service to which suspicion attaches is the Post Office. What a disgraceful business that robbery of the Indian mail was, or, rather, how disgraceful is the possibility that such a thing could take place in a civilised country. I don't want to interfere in your home politics at all, for I lose quite enough time laughing at those on this side of the Channel, but I cannot help wondering whether the right honourable gentlemen who are responsible for the smooth working of British affairs ever realise the lesson they might learn from the hopeless way in which the State muddles along and mismanages things commercial here in France.

State Muddlers

THE Ouest Etat Railway has long been a joke. It is almost too much of a joke now to serve even as a shocking example of how not to do things. The tobacco monopoly might bring in as much money as it does and supply us with smokable tobacco, matches that strike, and cigarette-makers who refrain from doing so. But it does none of these things. The State makes the Paris Opera the most disagreeable theatre in Paris, and would make the Française uncomfortable, too, if Monsieur Jules Claretie were not too strong a man. But until now, although we knew that the telephone service was rotten and the postal service ludicrously slow, we did think that it was safe. It isn't. We have been solemnly told that registered letters worth thousands of pounds were stolen from the Indian mail because poor France had not enough money to supply the Post Office with proper postal waggons! When a business firm accepts money for doing something and fails to spend the cash to do it the Courts have rather an ugly name for the transaction.

An Ancient Joke

WHEN Peter of Servia was here in Paris he got a card one morning on which he read the name: "DENIS ROCH. Orderly to Napoleon the First. Hôtel des Invalides." It made him jump. The idea that there was a man still living who had known Napoleon, and had served him, interested His Majesty from the Near East immensely. He told an attaché to make inquiries, and to bring the aged soldier to him. He wanted to give him the Order of the White Eagle, or the Pink Rat, or the Chocolate Soldier, or whatever Order they do give away in Servia. But when the attaché had made inquiries he found that Denis Roch was one of the attendants in the Musée de l'Armée, and that he claimed the title of Napoleon the First's orderly because he had to brush the historic grey overcoat whenever it required brushing. But the craze for titles on visiting-cards is almost as great in France as is the craze for titles in the Vaterland, where a contractor's wife is known as "Frau Oberbaumeisterin Schulz." In France you don't call a man "Monsieur l'Ordonnance de Napoleon 1er Denis Roch," but his visiting-card will bear the title. Some people print five or six lines of literature under their names, and the neatest smack at the popular craze I know was given by a music-hall artist named Clovis, who is dead now. On his cards was printed: "CLOVIS. Season Ticket Holder on the Western State-run Railway." But Clovis is, as I have said, already dead.

Visiting-Cards

IT is about time that French people realised that the *concierge* is a very grubby and untrustworthy queen of France. It is almost incredible what she can do. A friend of mine is going to be married, if the *concierge* of the house in which she lives will let her. For my friend is a bachelor girl, has no relatives in Paris, and lives in a little flat all by herself. Her *fiancé* lives in the country. When they became engaged, his father asked a friend of his who lives in Paris to make inquiries about the girl whom his son wished to marry. The friend went and asked her *concierge* about her. You needn't laugh, for every Frenchman would have done just the same thing. The *concierge* had not been very satisfied with her New Year's gift last year, and her report about the lady was open to misconstruction. "*Elle découche très souvent*," was the exact wording of it. This was literally true, for she is a great friend of my wife's, and lives almost as much in our flat as in her own. But the natural inference nearly broke the match off. And our friend is now hard at work bribing her *concierge*.

The Concierge Nuisance

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

A Roadside Riddle

IS HE STOUT OR IS SHE AFFECTIONATE?

BY WILMOT LUNT

PARIS
10 RUE DE LA PAIX

NEW YORK
398 FIFTH AVENUE

TECLA

LONDON
7 OLD BOND STREET

NICE
16 AVENUE MASSÉNA

VIENNA
2 KÄRNTHNERSTRASSE

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS

Registered design

The Bystander in Berlin

GERMANY MORE ANTI-ENGLISH THAN EVER

A Blow for Pacifists

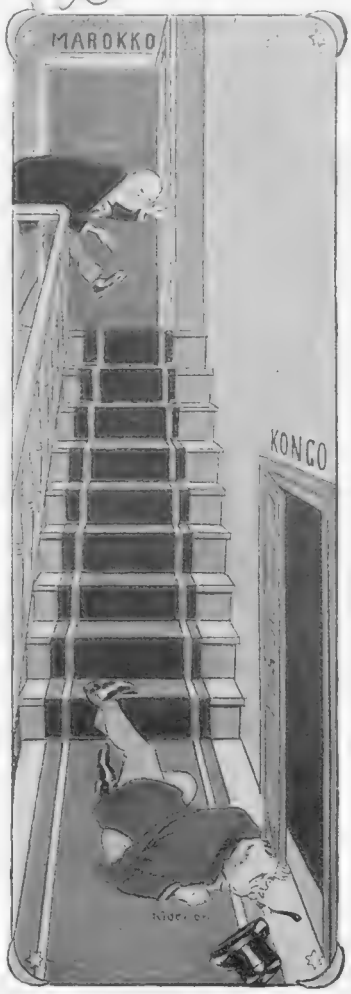
THE *furor teutonicus* which is raging to-day ought to knock the bottom out of the British delusion that Germans are Pacifist sheep—victims of an aggressive, unscrupulous Government. For years past pro-German British rhetoricians, kind-hearted British working-men delegates, mayoral banquet orators, and other expert Teutonologues have told edified England that "the great German nation is against war"; and the other, alarmist, school has retorted with equally wise mien: "We admit that, but the Kaiser and bureaucrat will make war without consulting the great peaceful German nation." Present events show that both these classes of experts are equally and hopelessly wrong.

The People for War

THE real truth would be phrased: "The peaceful Kaiser and unmilitary bureaucrat caste, when they are determined on peace, do not consult the great warlike German people." That is what happened over Morocco, and that is the cause of the present storm. The great warlike German people is angry because it has discovered that the Kaiser and bureaucrat caste are, as it thinks, basely and pusillanimously Pacifist. With the exception of Socialists (and Italy's raving Socialist Deputy, Defelice, shows what Socialists do during war), Reichstag parties are still furious with the Government because it has proved meanly Pacifist; and these parties, genuinely representing German opinion, are thoroughly anti-English, exasperated by British perfidy and meddlesomeness, and ready, when they only get a chance, to handle the British Empire in the same effective way as they handled the French Empire in 1870.

Baut Schiffe!

AND that is why the Big-Navy Press unanimously declares that "Build Ships!" is the moral of Morocco. "*Baut Schiffe!*" is the war-cry. On the eve of a Reichstag election which promises an unprecedented Socialist triumph, this "Build Ships!" does not seem very practicable. But that will not prevent it materialising. Even in league with the relatively Pacifist Freisinn, the Socialists cannot capture enough Reichstag seats to prevent a fresh naval *Novelle* passing through the Reichstag; and the three other great parties, the Conservatives, the



AFTER THE "CONVERSATIONS"
Kiderlen-Waechter takes leave of M. Cambon (as seen by the German Comic Paper, "Ulk")

Centre, and the National Liberals, will all vote for such a Bill, because each is already pledged to oppose a pusillanimous Government; and each is preparing to win votes by telling the elector that England is the foe. The elector will believe it—he has been thoroughly trained—and he will vote for the candidate who rehearses "England is the foe" the more clamantly and indefatigably.

A Warning

IN affirming that an anti-English platform is indispensable to popularity in Germany, the Berlin Bystander does not want to aggravate an antagonism which he regrets. Indeed, he is a "pro-German" to this extent, that he has seen at close range the vicious results of England's blundering with Germany. He holds that England has been both provocative and weak; and he knows that certain British actions, such as the preposterous demand that Germany should sign an agreement pledging herself to naval inferiority, are regarded by Germans as gratuitous insults. It is because he sees how deeply Germans resent these real grievances, as well as fifty other fictitious ones, that he issues this warning. Germany to-day—this is a fact and implies no reproach—is far more anti-English than England has ever been anti-German; and, what is more, Germany is not more Pacifist than her provocative Government, but very considerably less.

They'll Soon Want "8"!

FOR three years—ever since the *Daily Telegraph* interview—the German Conservative Press has been sneering at Wilhelm II. for his unwanted Anglophilism. Now other parties, National Liberals, and even Radicals, have joined in. They want a pro-German and not a pro-English Kaiser. They want an armament policy. When Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg (more probably his successor) restores the prestige of the bureaucracy by introducing a Supplementary Shipbuilding Bill, a Bill which provides that henceforth not two Dreadnoughts, but three or four, shall be built every year, the Reichstag will vote the money, and vote it with acclamation, And if the Government does not take this patriotic step, then the Reichstag, backed by an almost unanimous country, will produce its own Bill.

The Return F

AFTERNOON SCENE ANY DAY

The "Chase" our artist has in mind is, from the appearan

om The Chase

N THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

ce of his sportsmen, presumably the chase after "Rhino"

Concerning King Peter

WHOSE VISIT TO PARIS HAS AT LAST TAKEN PLACE

BY A DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

Paris and Servia

At last King Peter of Servia's often-postponed visit to Paris has taken place, and a very hearty welcome has been given to him. There are several reasons for this, the chief being that King Peter was educated at Saint-Cyr, and fought for the French in the war of 1870. At one of the battles in which he took part he was captured by the Germans, but escaped to another of the French armies in the field, and remained in the fighting ranks till the end of the war. After the battle of Villersevel he was among those who distinguished themselves, and was awarded for his bravery the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur. Another reason is that France has very considerable interest in Servia. It is a Paris bank that practically manages Servian finance, arranges the loans, and keeps up the credit of the country by the punctual and accurate fulfilment of Servia's obligations.

A Royal Oddity

King Peter had a cousin who was a well-known figure in Paris for many years. A tall, slim, nervous-looking man, who devoted his rather too versatile intellect to the study of many arts. He was absolutely dependent for his living on the *art nouveau* jewellery which he made, but he was too *grand seigneur* to be a successful business man. He did not ask the prices he might have got by trafficking on his Royal name, nor did he press for his money (often forgetting even to send his bills), and he absolutely refused to marry an American heiress who fell desperately in love with his Royal title, if not with him. Eventually, poor Prince Bodjida died practically of starvation. Whether King Peter refused to help his cousin or his cousin refused to accept his help the friends of this modest and somewhat silent and self-contained man never knew. On one occasion he was invited by King Peter to visit Servia, and he went, but found himself surrounded by spies, and came away, though decorated with the Servian Black Eagle, as poor as ever.

KING PETER PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES

THE KING OF SERVIA IN PARIS

He is photographed visiting the Bois d'Arcy Aerodrome. President Fallières is seen on his left

The Assassination

King Peter in reality represents the younger branch of the Karageorgevitch family, the late Prince Bodjida and his brother Alexis constituting the elder branch, and by right of heredity having a prior title to the throne than King Peter. However, Prince Bodjida never envied his cousin his kingly glory, and, in fact, King Peter has not had an easy task to perform since he sat on a throne stained with the blood of Alexander and Draga. I do not mean to say that he took part in the assassination, or even knew about it, but he certainly owed his throne to the assassins, and, therefore, could not punish them as England demanded. It was a very long time before England would renew diplomatic relations with Servia, and King Peter has never visited this country.

The Crown Prince

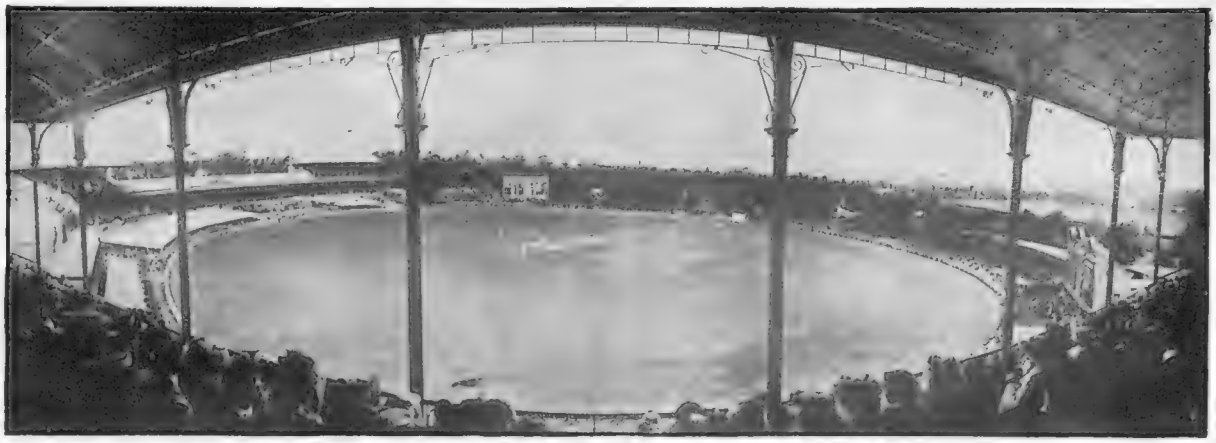
In his own family circle King Peter has not been free from trouble. His eldest son, the idol of the people of Servia, is now a pupil at Saint-Cyr. Here in France he is learning that spirit of discipline in which he was so lacking in his own country, and which led to his father deposing him from his position of Crown Prince. Certainly, he was a perfect nuisance at Belgrade, though a handsome young officer and very popular with all classes, except his father's Ministers, with whom he interfered in a most unbearable manner, insisting upon seeing dispatches and dictating action to them which they had bluntly to refuse. It was very largely due to his indiscretions that the difficulties with Austria-Hungary very nearly ripened into war. He went about haranguing the mob, and said "he would lead them to victory," and so on.

A Servian Port?

Prince Alexander, who is acting Crown Prince, has none of his brother's popularity and none of his *verve*. He does what he is told to do with dignity, but that is all. No one doubts that when Prince George has sobered down and learnt the lesson of the consequences of undisciplined audacity, popular opinion will reinstate him in his rightful place. Meanwhile, Servia still nurses her great grievance of having no outlet to the sea, and the possibilities of three years ago of a union of interest between Montenegro and Servia have become more remote. On the other hand, the relations with Austria-Hungary have improved, and some far-seeing Servian politicians hope the time may come when by a lease of territory from Austria the Servians may at length build their own railway to the sea, which is one of their patriotic dreams.

PICTORIALITIES

FROM VARIOUS CORNERS OF THE EARTH



AUSTRALIA: MATCH IN PROGRESS ON THE MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND, WHERE M.C.C. MET VICTORIA

GERMANY: THE CHANCELLOR AND HIS LADY ABOARD THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP "SCHWABEN"

AMERICA: AN AIRSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC

ITALY: STROMBOLI IN ERUPTION

TRIPOLI: NATIVES WATCHING A BATTLE IN PROGRESS FROM SEATS IN A CAFE COURTYARD

"I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell"
—Omar Khayyám

IN THE GERMAN GRAPE-GROWING DISTRICT: VINTAGERS AT THE DINNER-HOUR BETWEEN VINEYARDS AT DEIDESHEIM

A JOLLY VINTAGER AND HER OX-DRIVEN CART

VINTAGER CHATTING WITH A WINGERT (RIFLEMAN)

VINTAGERS GATHERING GRAPES ON A LARGE DOMAIN AT DEIDESHEIM

The vineyard is rather a surprising spectacle for those who see it for the first time. Accustomed as we English are to seeing great vines growing under glass, the French and German vineyards look more like raspberry gardens than anything else. Heavy rains severely damaged last year's grape crop on the banks of the Rhine

Paris in the Arms of Astarte

NIGHT IN THE CITY OF LIGHT AS SEEN FROM NOTRE DAME

THE PANORAMA OF THE SEVEN BRIDGES SEEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF ONE OF THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

HIS CHANCE

BY JEAN BOURGET

A TALE OF A MINIATURE

"GOOD health, sir." The speaker was a burly and handsome countryman. He sat with one other man in the smoking-room of a small Strand hotel.

"Good health to you, Mackeen. I hope everything is going right with you."

"Ah! Not so well, not so well. There's a living, of course, but I want more than that. You used to know my wife. Socially, you know, she's lots above me, and I've got to buy her things I don't care about myself. And they're expensive things, mind you."

"I can well imagine that, Mackeen."

The younger of the two men was a very well-dressed young fellow of about twenty-eight years. The marks of dissipation were on him, and there was to the acute observer an ugly fear in his face. The man, Arthur Somers by name, the youngest son of a poor baronet, was, as a matter of fact, at the end of his resources. He could no longer borrow money to gamble with. He had, as a matter of fact, just cashed a cheque for five pounds at this hotel, where he was as yet unknown, which would never be met.

Mackeen he had met quite accidentally. Somers was out of his usual path, and had expected to find no one he knew at this little hotel.

"If it's not a rude question, Mr. Somers, how are things with you?"

"Splendid, thank you, old man. Splendid! One or two little investments I made some years ago are turning up trumps."

Somers never found that the rôle of the poor man paid.

"I'm glad of that. It's something to hear that someone is doing well. Believe me, Somers, I get so frightened at times that I shall fail. I'm a hard worker. I don't have more than two men at a time to help me manage the farm. But hard as I work I can't shake off the fear of failure. It's all right for a single man. But I've got a wife and two children. And it's the thought of what would happen to them if I failed that worries me."

This was not particularly diverting conversation for Somers; but he was careful to preserve an appearance of interest.

"Haven't you got any sort of a nest-egg to fall back upon?"

"Ah, yes, bless you, just a bit. But look at these bank failures. What's a poor man to do with his money? My savings may be swallowed up at any minute."

Mackeen had all the countryman's suspicion of London finance.

"What have you got your money in?"

"London and Suburban."

"Well, Mackeen, my dear chap, that's safe enough."

"None of 'em are safe. Take it from me. Look here, Mr. Somers"—the speaker drained off a third glass of whisky—"do you know why I'm up in London to-day?"

"A little business, I suppose."

"Serious business. You once knew my wife very well. Did she ever show you the Hardsley miniature?"

Somers' eyes sparkled. Yes, indeed she had, and had not his mouth watered at the sight. Somers and Violet Maseford, now Mrs. Mackeen, had once been very great friends. She was a very beautiful girl, poor, but of very distinguished family. Somers had been very much in love with her, and she had to some extent reciprocated his feelings. But she had wisdom enough to look past his fascination of manner into his character, and she had seen things that taught her very plainly that she could never be Arthur Somers' wife.

There had been a considerable sensation in her circle when she married the young farmer, Mackeen. Her aristocratic friends naturally pronounced her mad; but the real reason of the step was her determination at all costs to marry a man of true honour and simple faith. She had never regretted her action, and her quiet life on Appleham farm was intensely happy.

The Hardsley miniature was for Mrs. Mackeen the one relic left of the one-time wealth and greatness of her family. It was a painting by Romney of a certain fair and frail Lady Hardsley, who was one of the Maseford family. It was a beautiful piece of work, and adorned with fine brilliants. Three thousand pounds would hardly represent its market value.

Therefore, when the valuable object was suddenly mentioned to so poverty-stricken and unscrupulous a young wastrel as Somers, it was scarcely to be wondered at that he pricked up his ears.

"I've heard of it," replied Somers. "I don't think I've ever seen it. Why do you mention it?"

"Well, Mr. Somers, you're a man of standing and position, and I'll show it to you."

Greatly to Somers' amazement, Mackeen forthwith produced from an inside pocket a worn, blue plush case. He came over to Somers' side, and, producing a tiny key, freed the lid.

The blaze of rays from the fine stones were enough to make one blink. Somers stared at them for some time, utterly fascinated. He reckoned there was at least £1,500 worth of diamonds on the ornament. A very nice scoop, even if the picture were unsaleable

"What on earth are you carrying it about for?"

"Ah!" Mackeen tapped his nose.

"You're not going to sell it, surely?"

"Sell it? Sell it? Mr. Somers, my wife would only borrow money on that little thing if her children were starving. She values it above all things in the world, and I don't blame her. Oh no! it isn't for sale."

"But isn't it highly dangerous to carry it about in that manner?"

Mackeen looked round the room, tapped his friend on the shoulder, and then whispered to him with a tremendous air of secrecy.

"I came up to London to get it."

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 454)

"They're Bonnie Fish and Halesome Farin'"

SCOTTISH FISHER-GIRLS BUSILY EMPLOYED ON THE EAST COAST

During the present month Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Southwold have been ringing with the hammer of the cooper and the songs of the merry Scottish girls while at their work of packing the tons of herrings that are hourly being landed. Each barrel contains, when finished, about one thousand fish, chiefly for export to Russia

Photographs *H. W. Nicholls*

The smaller photograph on the right shows the landing of the fish. Note that the waiting women are busy knitting. Below it is seen a girl gutting the fish, which she will do at the rate of fifty or sixty a minute. Her hands and apron are covered with scales. The larger photograph on the left shows a girl bringing the fish from the cleaning troughs to the tubs for packing. Below the girls are seen packing. Note the tin of salt at the side of each girl

(Continued from page 452)

"Good gracious! What for?"

"I wanted it—for a special reason."

"Does your wife want to wear it? Surely not down in that God-forsaken hole. Excuse me, Mackeen, but—it is, isn't it?"

"It's quiet enough, but you haven't been down since they opened the new institution. We've got a full-sized billiard table."

"Well, never mind that. Mrs. Mackeen, surely, isn't crazy enough to think of wearing a thing like that anywhere."

"No, she's not going to wear it. Whatever put that into your head. I've come up to London to get it out of the bank, because I can't trust 'em with it. I'm sick of hearing of these bank smashes. If mine goes, and my money goes with it, it can't be helped. But I swore I wouldn't let Vi's miniature go too. I'm going to keep it under my own eye."

"You're mad."

"Ah, so you say."

"Does your wife know you came up to town for this purpose?"

"She knows well enough. She didn't like it. She said it would be safer in the bank; but what do women know of these things. You can't expect 'em to understand finance."

Somers sighed. What an extraordinary ass the man was. But still it all suited Somers' book. It was terrible to think that he would be robbing Violet; but the straits were too sore for sentiment. Anyway, she could have the picture back anonymously. He would only dispose of the diamonds.

Mackeen soon rose from his chair, announcing that it was eight o'clock, and he must catch his train. He found himself a little unsteady on his legs. Somers watched him carefully.

"Somers," said Mackeen, as he reached the door, "do you know, I think I've taken a drop too much."

"Oh no, not at all."

"Yes, I have. I say, old fellow, be a friend and come down with me to-night. Don't say you've got another engagement. You can pull me together when I meet my wife."

It was not exactly what Somers had expected. He was going to work in a different way. But this offer made the job so absurdly easy that he could not refuse it.

"Well, Mackeen, for the sake of old times, I will. I should like to meet her again."

The walk to Charing Cross did much to bring Mackeen to his senses. There was not much trace of inebriety when he and Somers settled themselves into corners of a first-class smoking carriage.

Mackeen's first duty was to see that his valuable package was safe. He then put it into an inside pocket and buttoned coat and overcoat over it

Somers watched these precautions with little interest. He could neither pick the man's pocket, assault him, nor murder him. Each of these methods would bring about his downfall in the end. He fully anticipated finding a golden opportunity on arrival at the house—a method whereby he might obtain possession of the ornament and provide against its loss being discovered for months, or even years.

Appleham farm lay a mile away from a tiny little station. A trap was waiting for Mackeen, and in it the two soon bowled over the uneven roads to their destination.

Mrs. Mackeen was considerably surprised to discover the identity of her unexpected guest, and gave her old friend, Arthur Somers, a very hearty welcome

Her woman's instinct soon detected the agony of mind under his mask of merriment. She wondered greatly how he had gone on in the world, and the tired, shifty eyes, and colourless lips, suggested to her that she had been right enough in her early estimate of his character.

The miniature was not mentioned until after the men had finished their supper. Then Mackeen took it from his pocket and held it up to his wife.

"I've got it safe, Vi, and I'll take care it doesn't leave this house again. I declare I couldn't have slept for another night thinking of that lying miles away in that bank."

Mrs. Mackeen smiled in a way that suggested to Somers that the argument was done and over, and that she did not want to reopen it.

"Where shall I put it? I know. I know a place."

Somers watched his face intently.

"You shall keep the key, because I'd lose it. Yes, I know a very safe little place." And the big fellow chuckled merrily to himself.

Mackeen went up to bed before his wife, taking the case with him.

"How is the world treating you, Arthur?" inquired Mrs. Mackeen.

Somers thought for a few moments before replying.

"It's no use pretending to you," he said; "you'd soon find me out. I've done badly. I'm a failure."

"Failure is not failure, Arthur, if it teaches you anything. Has it taught you anything?"

"Only that I'm no good."

"It couldn't do that. It could only show you that you are working on a wrong plan—a wrong line, shall I say?"

"I can't say that I've worked at all."

"Would you work if you got the chance?"

"No one would give me a chance."

"I don't mean a chance of work. I mean a chance to show the real good in you. A man may idle and be nobly unselfish at the same time."

"I don't follow that. I'm idle and selfish, and I don't want to work or suffer. As the Yankee poet says, I've got to keep on drinking to forget I'm a dog."

"That's all nonsense. Go up to bed. I'm going to talk to you very strongly in the morning before you go, and you'll have to make me a promise."

Somers smiled.

"I'm hopeless, Vi," he said.

"No, you are not. Now go to bed."

When Somers heard Mrs. Mackeen's bedroom door close, he tip-toed into the passage and listened. Soon his ear was at the keyhole.

At first the conversation was about Somers himself, and he found it highly amusing. Then came what he was waiting for.

"And where did you put the miniature?" asked Mrs. Mackeen.

"Well, I suppose you ought to know, as it's yours. But mind, if you ever want to get it out to have a look at it, you'll have a rare job to get at it. It's in the——"

And he told her—and Somers.

(Continued on page 456)

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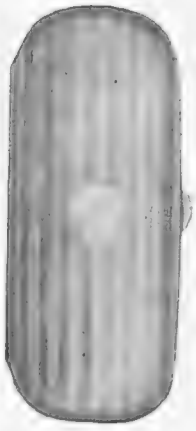

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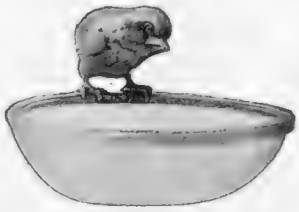

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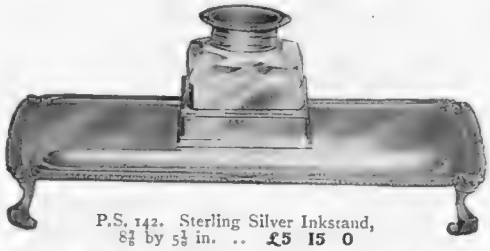

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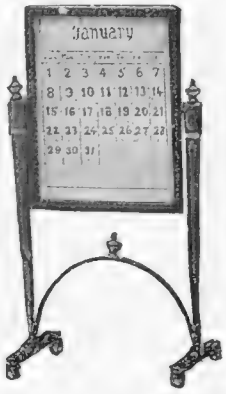

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(Continued from page 454)

Two hours later the gleaming thing was in Somers' possession, and the case lay where he found it, exactly as if it had been entirely undisturbed.

The following morning was delightfully crisp and sunny, and Mackeen suggested that his guest should stay on for a day's shooting. Somers, however, pleaded urgent business—a phrase the meaning of which was, in fact, Greek to him.

"But you can cut it for a day, Mr. Somers, surely?"

"I can't. I can't. I should be delighted to stay, but it is imperative that I should go."

"All right. I shall work instead of playing, that's all. My wife will see you off. Good-bye, Mr. Somers, and I hope you'll come soon again."

Somers guiltily shook hands with his host, and went back into the farmhouse to get his coat and bag. From the dining-room he heard Mrs. Mackeen's voice calling him.

He went into her, wondering if he could look her in the face. As a matter of fact, he never raised his eyes above the table, for there, in the centre of the cloth, lay the blue plush case that had contained the miniature.

For some moments he stood quivering with agony. He felt that he wanted to turn and run, but seemed rooted to the spot. Suddenly he heard her speaking.

"Arthur, you know how foolish my husband has been over this miniature. He should never have taken it out of the bank. I am so sorry that he did. But he is terribly self-willed, and for the sake of peace I let him have his way. I am sure he meant well; but it should never have been taken out. Now, what I want you to do is to take it back for me and put it in the bank. He will never know, so that we shall both feel quite happy about it."

Somers went suddenly cold. SHE COULD NOT HAVE OPENED THE CASE!

"Vi, really—I don't like to interfere. I——"

"Arthur, for my sake."

Something in her voice made him look up. He saw her eye to eye. There was no anger in that beautiful, calm face. There was no reproach. But there, across it, was written, "Oh, the pity of it." She knew.

"Vi, Vi!" He fell on his knees. "I understand. I understand. God bless you! You're giving me my chance."

. . . . .

And of all things in the world, Violet Mackeen treasures most the bank's receipt for a certain piece of jewellery and a big packet of brave letters that bear a colonial postmark. JEAN BOURGET

"The Bystander" Cigarette

SAMPLE CHRISTMAS BOXES: SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

READERS will remember that, in our issue of October 25, we drew attention to the use, without our authority, of the name "Bystander" in connection with a certain Virginian Cigarette. Shortly afterwards, we received a communication from Messrs. A. J. Raffles, Ltd., informing us that our cover-design had been used by them as a means of drawing our attention to a cigarette so excellent in quality that they felt sure that we should wish ourselves to have our name associated with it. A cigarette of really agreeable flavour, which is of pure Virginian blend, is, they claim, so rare that THE BYSTANDER would be conferring a positive boon on the public if it drew attention to this one. It is pure Virginia, and one of its component parts has never previously been employed in cigarette-making. It is a secret which at once distinguishes the would-be BYSTANDER Cigarette from the usual tasteless Virginia weeds.

We gave the cigarette our personal attention, and were able to report that it was certainly one of the most distinctive Virginian Cigarettes that had come before us. To christen it with the name "Bystander" would, however, be a bold stroke to be taken by the mere Editor. A paper conducted on such highly popular, not to say democratic lines, should take no such step without the full approval also of its readers.

We have, therefore, decided to invite Bystanders to sample for us the Cigarette, and to assist us in deciding whether or not it shall bear our name.

In Our Next Issue (Bystander Christmas Number)

will be found a coupon. On filling this up and addressing it to the BYSTANDER Cigarette Department, Tallis House, London, E.C., the sender will be presented with a sample box, inside which will be found the means by which he will be invited to express his (or her) opinion of the cigarette.

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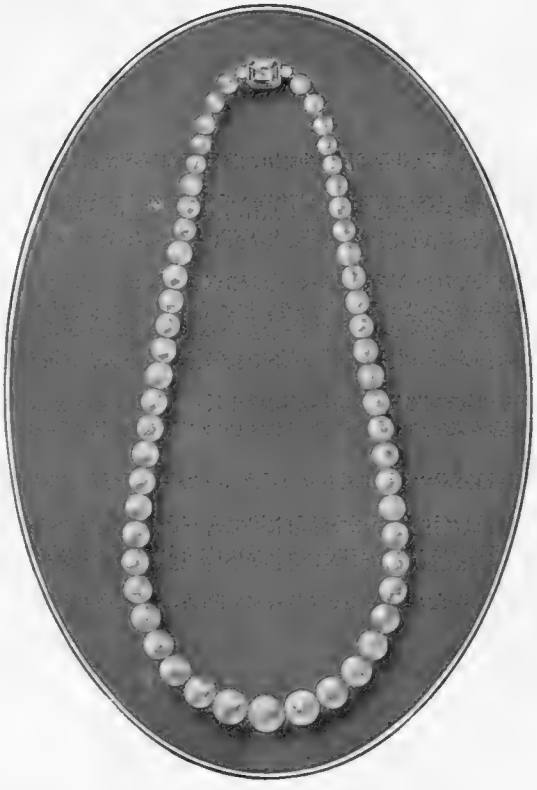

In order to refute this statement once and for all, they ask a personal comparison of their goods, and if any person can show them any better artificial pearls or gems than theirs they will give 100 guineas to any charitable institution that the person may mention.

They caution the public against being made to believe that by paying exorbitant prices they are getting superior goods.

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Photograph *Enrietti, Monte Carlo*

GOLF IN THE LAND OF HAZARDS (OF ALL KINDS): THE MONTE CARLO LINKS

A panorama view of the course to the sixteenth hole, showing the sixteenth green and the natural hazards encountered in playing to it

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

New Wine in Old Bottles

It is really a misnomer to call the regulations which were promulgated on November 14 by the delegates of the Championship Clubs, new. For, as a matter of fact, they are a reversion to the *status quo ante*—the status, that is to say, which prevailed in 1907. Let me first trace the endeavours of the authorities to deal with the tangle of the conditions since then. The Championship was first played in two qualifying sections at Hoylake in 1907, one section playing on the Tuesday, the other on the Wednesday, while the sixty odd qualifiers played out the Championship on the Thursday and Friday, the qualifying rounds not being counted in the final scores. In 1908 and 1909, owing, no doubt, to criticism directed to the unfairness of making the second section play six rounds straight off while the first got a day's rest, the sections were made to play a round each on the Tuesday and another on the Wednesday. This system prevailed for two years, 1908 and 1909. Then, owing to complaints as to the severity of the strain of having to play six rounds, another alteration was made, and the qualifying rounds were made to count into the final score. Thus no one had to play more than four rounds. This system has likewise lasted two years, 1910 and this year, and got its quietus at Sandwich when the increase of entries necessitated three sections, and it was found necessary to change the holes before all the sections had completed their qualifying rounds.

An Improvement

Now we go back to 1907 to all intents and purposes, except that provision is made for the existence of more than two sections. I welcome unreservedly two provisions of these latest regulations. I am glad the delegates would have nothing to say to the idea of playing the qualifying rounds on any course except that on which the Championship falls to be played. I am also delighted that the qualifying rounds are to cease counting in the final score. From the first I was dead against this system, which enormously increased the luck of the draw, and made it extremely possible that one set of men should play their qualifying rounds under much more favourable circumstances than another set. So far we are better off by going back to the 1907 conditions.

But the Old Drawbacks Remain

But what measures have been taken to obviate the drawbacks which gave that system such a short life? Frankly, I can see none, unless, indeed, some interval is to occur between the playing of the qualifying rounds and of the Championship proper. I can hardly believe that this can be intended, for it would mean either two separate meetings with a considerable interval, or a great prolongation of the duration of the meeting. No, I take it that the qualifying rounds will be succeeded immediately by the Championship proper. Very well. If this be so and there are three sections, as there were this year, the first section will get two days' rest, the second section one day's rest, before playing the final seventy-two holes, while the unhappy third section will have to play six rounds on end with no day's rest in between. I criticised the 1907 system, to which we have now reverted, from this point of view in THE BYSTANDER of July 17, 1907, and the arguments I then brought against it seem to me to apply with just as much force to the brand-new regulations. It is, of course, an enormous gain that we have knocked out the counting of the qualifying rounds in the final score. That was an impossible plan. But I fear very much that we shall have strong complaints from those who draw places in the last section on the score of the unfairness of being forced to play their qualifying and their Championship rounds on three successive days; while it is conceivable that the first section may not like having to kick their heels for two days doing nothing. If the numbers admit of there being only two sections, then it will only be the second section that will complain, while the first will have all the best of the deal. I am afraid this new system will not last much longer than its recent predecessors.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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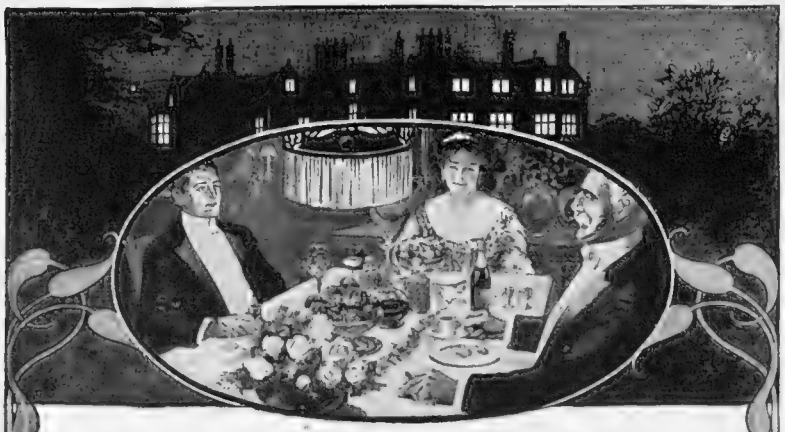

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

A Prescription

Just at the moment England seems to be largely under the rule of the Nonconformist Conscience, which is a curious invention whereby you may do nothing you want to do, except in secret. According to this Conscience, most novels are evil, all theatres are gilded halls of vice, and there is nothing more disgusting than the sight of a nude figure. Sport is generally an excuse for killing an inoffensive animal or for maiming a fellow-creature. All men are brothers, and, therefore, are to be treated alike. So the poor negro . . . etc., etc. And if there is a war in Europe and somebody is actually killed, we hold meetings of protest, and talk about the decencies of civilisation, and cheerfully go to our offices for the purpose of transferring some poor devil's money to our own banking account. So, when a boxing-match is arranged, there is always a reverend gentleman ready to mount his white charger—a metaphorical charger, of course; otherwise, I am afraid, the reverend gentleman would be unable to keep his seat—and the boxing-match is stopped. And no longer is it true that God insures those who insure themselves. Well, I prescribe a course of reading for those who are suffering from this Nonconformist, or, to put it more bluntly, this *Bad*, Conscience, and one of the first books I suggest for the purpose is Mr. Frank Streatfeild's *Reminiscences of an Old 'Un* (Nash: 7*s*. 6*d*. net.).

An Honest Book

Mr. Streatfeild spent some eventful years as a Frontier Magistrate in South Africa. He acted as seemed best to him, and invariably said what was in his mind. He stood no nonsense, and he knew how to rule—with the result that he was beloved by those serving under him, and dismissed on some pretext from his post. An Old 'Un exactly describes him, for he belongs to that older and truer tradition of the Englishman which seems to be fading away. An Etonian, a cricketer, a sportsman, a hard worker in love with life, a man of great strength and endurance, and also, I imagine, of great personal charm, he was bound to make enemies. And in this book of his, written without literary grace, but with a bluff heartiness which admirably takes its place, he has a number of interesting and important things to say which conceivably may do something towards removing the narrow-mindedness so rampant to-day in this country. "It has been my sad duty," he records in one place, "on more than one occasion to take away the life of a fellow-creature," but "their ghosts," he adds, "have hitherto never worried me or disturbed my peace of mind, nor even my appetite." There are times when a man must make his own laws; and it will generally happen that such laws are better than those laboriously planned by distinguished bodies in fine Parliament houses. Mr. Streatfeild caught and killed cattle-thieves, and was not transported by order

Photograph] M. XAVIER PAOLI [*Boissonnas et Caponier*

The great French detective, whose reminiscences of the last twenty-five years, "My Royal Clients," is reviewed on page 462

of the Colonial Secretary. And I have no doubt that he was as successful a magistrate as the Kaffirs are likely to have placed over them. In his book, as in his life, moreover, he does not mince matters. He hated Cecil Rhodes, he disliked cant, he was ready, on occasion, with his fists, and—all honour to him. "I hate a lazy man," he says, "as the devil hates holy water. That, and a certain habit I always have had of speaking my mind very plainly, especially to underbred cads who pose as gentlemen, and perchance because I happen to be an Englishman, I feel sure, made me very obnoxious to the Cape Government, and especially to some of the ill-bred or, perchance, dishonest Ministers thereof." Very naturally, indeed, they did not like him; but his book will endear him to many of us here, even though we can form no conception whatever of the difficulties of his position. This is a cheery and outspoken book, which will not please the reverend gentleman I have mentioned above. But that will not make Mr. Streatfeild very angry.

Royalty

If there is one man known to almost every member of every Royal family it is M. Xavier Paoli, whose duty it was for many years to look after the safety and comfort of such Royal visitors to France as preferred to travel *incognito*. M. Paoli retired from his pleasant, though arduous, duties a year or two ago, and spent his newly found leisure in writing his reminiscences, which now appear in an English translation under the title of *My Royal Clients* (Hodder and Stoughton: 12*s*. net.). Here are anecdotes of a kind which will be widely appreciated, interspersed with fragments of history recorded from a new standpoint. "The predilection," says the author, "shown by foreign potentates for visiting our country lays a very heavy and a rather delicate responsibility upon its rulers," and the major portion of this responsibility seems to have fallen on M. Paoli's shoulders. That he was the right man in the right place there can be no question, but it is a little ironical to find the servant of a Republic on terms of such intimacy and friendship with most of the crowned heads of Europe. More ironical still is the fact that M. Paoli once dined at the ex-Empress Eugénie's table. "I suppose, madame," he ventured to say on that occasion, "that there are very few officials of the Republic who would have dared to sit down at your Majesty's table?" "To be equally frank with you," replied the Empress, "I will ask you to believe, my dear M. Paoli, that there are also very few officials of the Republic whom I should have cared to see seated there like yourself!" We see intimate glimpses of Alfonso and his Queen, of the poor Empress of Austria, of George of Greece, and of our own Royal family. And there is an amusing chapter about that curious King of Cambodia, who seems to have given M. Paoli a great deal of trouble owing to his unconventional methods of enjoying a holiday. Kings and Queens are not so very different from ourselves, but the difference that does exist gives a peculiar interest to their private lives, and M. Paoli shows us the various rulers in a pleasing light. In his perpetual warfare against Anarchists and the like he has met with innumerable adventures which are here agreeably recorded.

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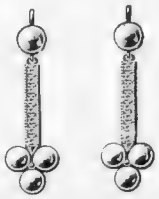

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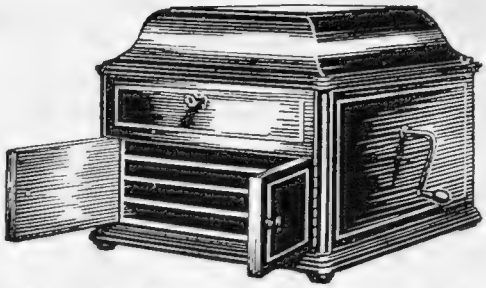

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

THE 'VARSITY "RUGGER" TEAMS

'Varsity Captains and Their Critics

NOTHING in sport nowadays gets treated to more prospective criticism than the 'Varsity match. It seems to rival the Boat Race in popular estimation; in fact, if one may judge from the papers, it has almost beaten it. I believe that the average man, including the average newspaper man, knows more about football than about rowing, and this, no doubt, accounts for the flood of criticism and comment upon the doings and prospects of the rival teams which one reads in the papers, or hears in the railway carriage or the smoking-room. I sometimes think that I would sooner be anybody rather than a 'Varsity Rugger captain. His business at the present time seems to be everybody's business, and everybody knows it better than he knows it himself. I picture him staggering, metaphorically, under the load of abuse, advice, and exhortation which is heaped upon his shoulders by his industrious and outspoken critics until the reflection occurs to me that possibly he "cares for none of these things." And then I feel easier. Probably he does *not* care the very least bit in the world. So that if, in order to be in the fashion, I add my contribution to the burden I can do so without any grave fear of the consequences.

The Coming Contest

The ups and downs of Oxford and Cambridge so far have made the prospect of the forthcoming match at Queen's Club a most exciting one. At the beginning of the season it looked to be any odds on Oxford, and the sort of critic who shouts "The favourite wins!" as soon as the starting-gate is raised was beginning to shout in the same way for the Dark Blues. But latterly Cambridge have been drawing up steadily, and the prevailing opinion now is that the finish is going to prove a neck-and-neck affair. At Oxford there has been more experimenting than at Cambridge, possibly because there was more material to be experimented upon. At Cambridge there were only three or four doubtful places after the first three or four matches, and Mr. Kitching, having hit upon a good side—a much better one, perhaps, than he anticipated—decided to leave well more or less alone, and devote the rest of his time to knitting it more closely together. At Oxford, on the other hand, changes both in *personnel* and position of players chosen have been freely indulged in, but I do not think that this was due solely to disappointment with the form shown by the men tried in the earlier matches. Complaints have been heard in the past of the way in which likely candidates have been ignored or left undiscovered, especially at Oxford, and I believe that Mr. Poulton has been so far mindful of past criticism, and of the obvious expediency of drawing every likely covert, as to embark upon a really exhaustive series of trials at the risk of not having his team definitely made up, and, so to speak, stuck together quite so soon as this process is ordinarily completed. Just as an illustration of the difficulty of pleasing everybody we find that whereas the cry about Oxford used to be that many promising players never got a ghost of trial, it now is that the team is being "rotted up" by constant changes, and that it ought to have been "got together" long ago. Well, we shall see who's right very soon.

A. E. KITCHING (right)
Captain of the Cambridge Rugby XV, with J. E. Greenwood, his right-hand man in the "scrum"

H. V. L. ROSS
The crack English long-distance walker, who recently at Milan set up a fresh record (10hrs. 33min. 11sec.) for 100 kilometres (62 miles)

The Teams Compared

No one who saw the display of the Cambridge fifteen against the London Scottish at Richmond last Saturday week (as I did) could help being impressed thereby. Under conditions about as bad as could possibly be—rain, slither, and a sloppy ball—their backs ran, passed, and fielded in a way that few backs can do when everything is bone dry. If they can play like that against Oxford they can win; but will Oxford let them play like that? Oxford, we know, can utilise openings, too, and unless one set of forwards can absolutely beat the other the dominating factor of the game will be the half-back play. Herein I think the advantage rests with Oxford. Probably the best "line" available as to the merits of the two teams is to be found in their performances against the two Welsh teams, Swansea and Newport. The former beat Cambridge and the latter Oxford, but in each case there was nothing much in it. On the whole, I regard Oxford's performance as the better. But the "glorious uncertainty" of 'Varsity matches is proverbial, and with the teams as evenly matched as they are this year it is even more glorious than usual.

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"All Nature feels the renovating force of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye in ruin seen."—THOMSON.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

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RACING: Steeplechasing Prospects

By CARBINE

A Popular Finish

The best tip a racing adviser could have given in the latter part of the flat-racing season was to "follow Fallon." It was pleasant, at least, for the writer of these notes to wind up with the winner of the last big handicap of the season, though at the eleventh hour Fallon's "good thing" was known to everybody, and people who backed something else to beat Ultimus were content to disregard one of the biggest certainties ever known in racing. Certainties, as we are aware, often get beaten, but this one came off all right, and, perhaps, the most rueful man at Manchester was the handicapper, who had let Mr. Gorham's colt into the race leniently. The win was very popular, because there had been no attempt at mystification by the stable, Trepida having been scratched in a very sportsmanlike way at the earliest possible moment.

Outlook for the Winter Sport

Statistics of the past season are the order this week, but we can soon have an overdose of figures, and it is much more interesting to turn to the prospects of the steeplechasing season, which may now be said to have started in earnest. So far as I can gather, there are not many notable recruits from the ranks of flat-racers this year, and the fact that the Blackpool meeting has had its wings sadly clipped by the Jockey Club, who, it is said, are opposed to the continuance of summer steeplechasing, will scarcely be an inducement for owners to put good horses to the jumping game. Perhaps we shall see some smart new hurdle-racers when the season gets fairly under way, but when a horse like Salmon Fly can be almost invincible under big weights it does not speak very highly for the calibre of the opposition. Among the steeplechasers, many of the best of the old stagers will be on the scene again, though Cackler is no more. I am told that it is possible to back horses for the Grand National even before the entries are made, and if such remarkable wagering takes place this season I have no doubt that Rathnally would be favourite for the big Liverpool race, which he was very unlucky not to win last spring.

This Week's Selections

Newbury always gives us some of the most interesting cross-country racing in the South of England, and there is every prospect of an excellent meeting there this week. **Eaton Lad** has a big task in the Berks Hurdle Handicap on Wednesday, but I think he is good enough to accomplish it successfully, Kentucky being, perhaps, the danger to the top-weight. The Novices' Steeplechase on the same afternoon may be won by **Mystic Charm.** On the following day **Chateau Vert** is my selection for the Juvenile Hurdle Race and **Rory O'More** for the Cranborne Steeplechase. At Kempton Park on Friday **Bedgrove** may take the Uxbridge Steeplechase, **Algy A** the Hurdle Handicap, while on the second day **Black Plum** may win the Middlesex Steeplechase.

MATTERS MUSICAL

IN PRAISE OF CASALS

Marvellous Casals

There are advantages in being an impertinent, meticulous, and disagreeable critic, for, when it becomes necessary to indulge in superlatives, such an one need have no fear of them, nor is he bound for terms of praise to have recourse to those hyperbolical dithyrambs without which our modern æsthetes are unable to express any genuine admiration whatever. As a matter of fact, Casals is, I believe, not only the greatest 'cellist of the day, but the greatest executive musician since Joachim. Indeed, I imagine, though I never heard Joachim in his prime, that technically the Spanish master is his superior. When you listen to Casals' playing, you do not realise that technical difficulties exist at all. Yet you do not say, 'Oh, how marvellous!" as, if you happen to be of an ecstatic temperament, you do when you see Kchessinska perform thirty-five consecutive pirouettes on the left leg or Elman indulge in incredible pyrotechnics on the topmost register of the E string. For, like all consummate artists, Casals uses his perfect technique, not as an end in itself, but as a means of expression.

An Interpreter Par Excellence

So, on Saturday week, at the Queen's Hall, when he played the solo-'cello part in Strauss' "Don Quixote," he never emphasised the fact of his being the soloist. On the contrary, he did his best to confound himself with the other musicians, and consequently, thanks to his modesty as well as to a most admirable performance on the part of Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra, we had an interpretation of that amazing symphonic poem which, I am told, has rarely been surpassed. But, for my part, I always regard Casals as the interpreter *par excellence* of classical music. Whether he is at his best in the Haydn Concerto, which he played on this Saturday, or in the Bach Suite in C major, or in any other particular piece of music, it is not necessary to discuss. The point is that, whatever he plays, he gives us the music just as the composer would have us receive it. He does not impress his personality on it as Ysaye does. Rather he buries his personality in it, and thereby produces an impression of vitality that is quite amazing. Now, if there is one thing which the average Englishman positively dreads, it is "classical music," and, indeed, he has some excuse. The organisers of classical concerts are apt in their eagerness to blend instruction with pleasure, to produce a mixture consisting almost wholly of dulness.

Mysteries of Classical Form

As a matter of fact, however, it is not difficult for the person of goodwill and reasonable intelligence to initiate himself into the mysteries of classical "form." But many people have been prejudiced against Mozart, Beethoven, and especially Bach, by hearing at the outset some emotionless, academic rendering of their work. That seems to me a very great misfortune. For I think that the ordinary person, fully to appreciate classical music, requires to hear it played by a great master. At least, he should pass his novitiate under such direction; later on he may not need to be so particular.

In Conclusion

It is on this account that I have laid such stress on Casals' attainments as an interpreter of the classics. One is always being questioned by people as to the best way of launching themselves or their children on the ocean of classicism. There are, doubtless, many good ways, but there is assuredly no better than by going to listen to Casals. For, with such a pilot, they will founder on no rocks, drift in no unknown currents. Indeed, I venture to promise them not only a smooth crossing, but a pleasure greater than they ever dreamed of—and this is not an advertisement!

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure,** in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post-card to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.,** Artillery Lane. London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

ASTROLOGY

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send me your birth-date and 1/- P.O. for a **REAL** Astrological reading, and two years' **USEFUL** advice.

It will be a **REVELATION,** and enable you to understand why my practice has so rapidly increased among those who really wish to make the best of life.

Prf. Mercury(BD)Philog., Cardiff

LAND AND WATER MOTORING
A car passing through the flood at Bramber during the recent inundation of Sussex

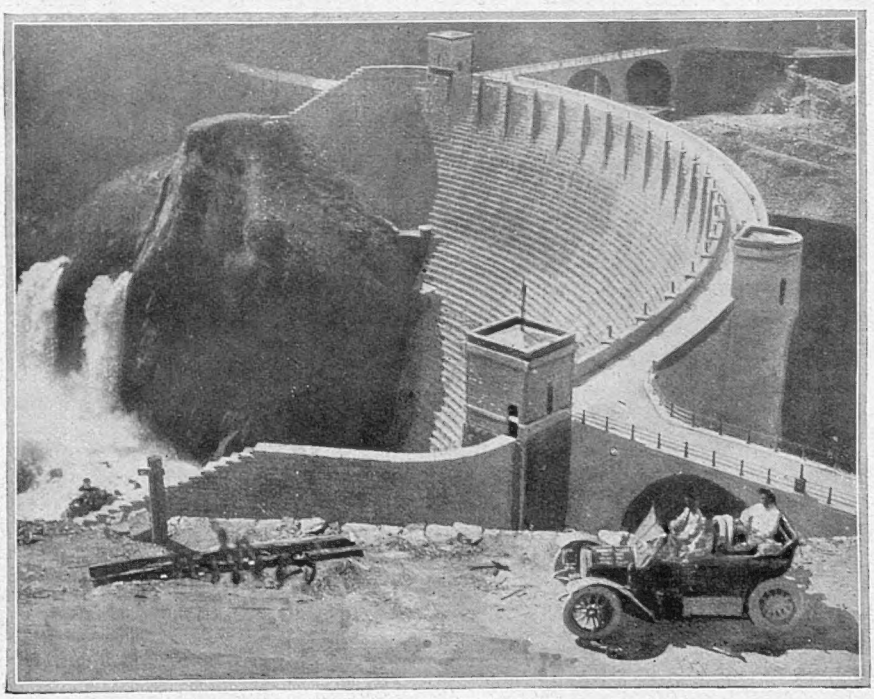
MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

A Line of Life

"Line of life" expresses the idea very well. It is marked on the membership chart which the Automobile Association has just sent me. It is a line that started from zero in 1905 and had not reached the altitude of 1,000 members by 1906. It advanced by 2,000 during that year; by 3,000 in 1907; by 3,000 in 1908; by 5,000 in 1909; by 6,000 in 1910, bringing the total to just under 20,000 members. Then came the happy consummation of the wedding with the Motor Union, which added 8,000 or 9,000 to the membership roll, and the two bodies made one went forward during 1911 with an irresistible appeal that secured a response from an average of nearly 1,000 motorists a month. And here we are with one month still to run, and a membership as near to 40,000 subscribers as we can get without touching those fine round figures. More members in Scotland, as Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., the Chairman of the A.A., said at the dinner celebrating the first year of the wedding the other evening—more members in Scotland than the Scottish Club; more members in Ireland than the Irish Club; five times the individual car membership of any other body; and twice the number of motor-cyclists possessed by all the motor-cycling organisations lumped together. So these, if figures have any magic for you, are a startling few.

On Getting Value for Money

Line of life I called it. Line of life it is. Because an organisation that demands guineas as the price of membership is not likely to progress unless it can give satisfactory evidences of life and the tangible benefits accruing therefrom. In these last days it is a case of "nothing for nothing and twenty-five shillings' worth for a guinea." If the scout organisation on the road, the free legal defence in the courts, action against obstructionists, opposition to speed-limit applications, home and foreign touring facilities, engineering advice, arbitration between member and manufacturer, recommended hotels and repairers, sign-erecting and the like, were not very real things, translating themselves into the direct advantage of the member, and representing full value for the subscription paid, the Automobile Association would not stand where it does to-day, nor even remotely within hail. It is because these are real things; it is because the A.A. can show, for example, that it was instrumental in securing the dismissal of twenty-three cases out of twenty-eight brought against its members in a single day at a single court (Petersfield—a fine reflection upon the character of police prosecution); it is because it can produce in evidence of its alert activity an opposition to twenty-four applications for reduced speed-limits covering thirty-four miles of

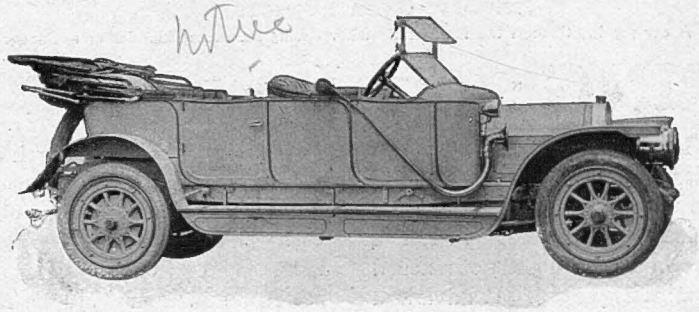


"BULLDOG" TENACITY
A "Bulldog" car passing the famous Roosevelt dam in Arizona in the course of a lengthy tour from New York via Canada to Alaska, thence to Texas and back again to New York

road, that resulted in the mileage being reduced to a bare thirteen; it is because it has 6,000 signs out on the road helpful to motorists and other road-users; because it has during the year dealt with 250 cases arising out of unrolled stones, unsatisfactory road-tarring, stone-throwing, obstructions caused by all manner of things from uncontrolled cattle to ill-conditioned humans, unlighted level-crossings, excessive ferry charges, and so on and so on; it is because of these things, and an inexhaustible list of others equally well done, that the A.A. is regarded, very properly, as the premier road organisation, and membership in it a highly remunerative investment.

Looking Forward

I do not know where the A.A. is likely to stop. I do not think that need concern us. Our only concern is for the maintenance of A.A. efficiency and the increase of its usefulness to the end that we may always get our full money's worth and as much more as we can. I do not think we need have any fears about that either. The A.A. happens to be blessed with an excellent crowd of committeemen, who know what they want and are bold enough to take the action that would seem to be most likely to realise the result desired. The committee is blessed in having a secretary who combines original thought, power of organisation, diplomacy, and good fellowship with a passion for publicity. And the secretary is blessed with a remarkably efficient staff. Altogether, a blessed organisation, to which we look for blessings because our experience on the road has forced us to the conclusion that, if we cannot get them from the A.A., we cannot get them at all, and because our past success in the collection of such blessings has developed in us a lively sense of favours to come. For our own sakes, first, because that is our prime consideration; for the sake of the motor movement generally—continued success to the A.A.



THE AVIATOR ON THE EARTH

Chooses a 30 h.p. Lancia—body by Mulliner and Co. Mr. Oscar Morrison, the aviator referred to, is clearly a gentleman of much discrimination

In Compression

The first number of the "Austin Advocate" is a well-schemed, prettily printed, and exceptionally well-written house organ. It should prove a powerful propagandist of a fine British car.

That sound! Why italics and a note of exclamation? Read "Saved by a Sound," free from the Klaxon Company, Portland Road, W. It is—I have the author's word for it—a true, and, incidentally, a nice, bludgy story of the road. "That sound" is the cue. It heralds the attempted murder of "our hero." It precedes the running-down of Villain No. 1. It is almost the death-knell of Villain No. 2, who gets clubbed into the great silence by a harmless, necessary tyre-lever. It is also the moral of the story—but get it and see for yourself.

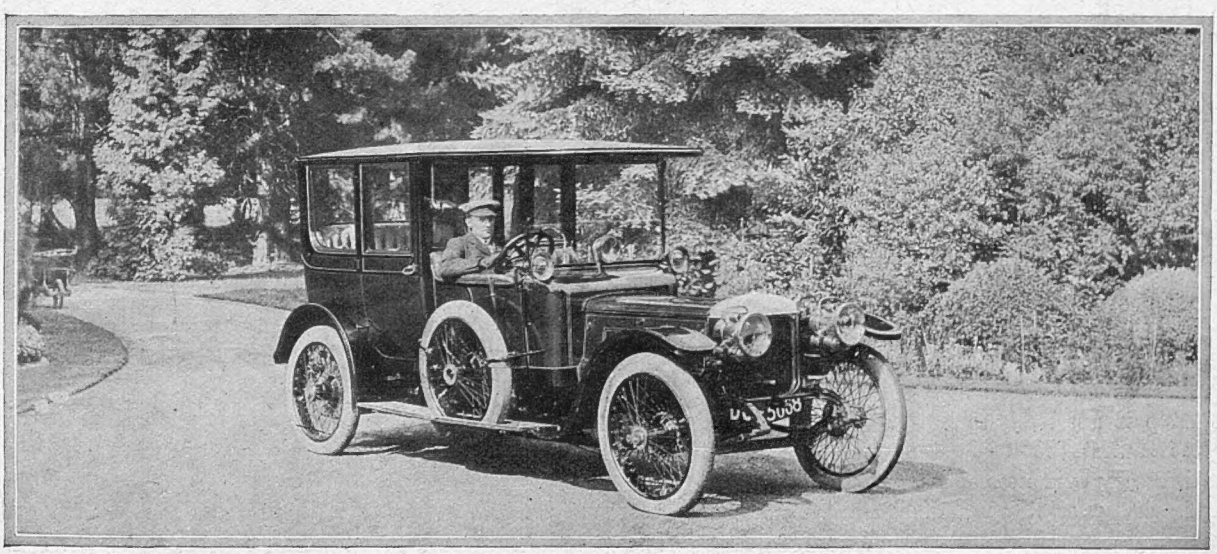
Hotel Christmas Arrangements

The Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, will be exceedingly gay at Christmas-time, and in addition to vocal and instrumental concerts, and a Cinderella dance, etc., there will be a visitors' ball during the crowded six days.

There will be the usual arrangements at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, for Christmas in the way of vocal and instrumental concerts, Cinderella dances, etc., and altogether it will be very bright and amusing indeed.

Keen Motorists appreciate the fact that while HOBSON POGNON PLUGS have been frequently imitated, they still hold first place by reason of their absolute reliability. Reduced price, 3*s.* 9*d.*—29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

"A combination of artistic design and scientific completeness, the Delahaye cars are matchless creations," says the *Westminster Gazette*. Inspection will convince you of the truth of this; experience proves it.—H. M. HOBSON Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.



ART AND THE COACHBUILDER

A successful attempt by the Daimler Co. to incorporate elegance with the comfort of the limousine-landaulette type of body